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Women on TV

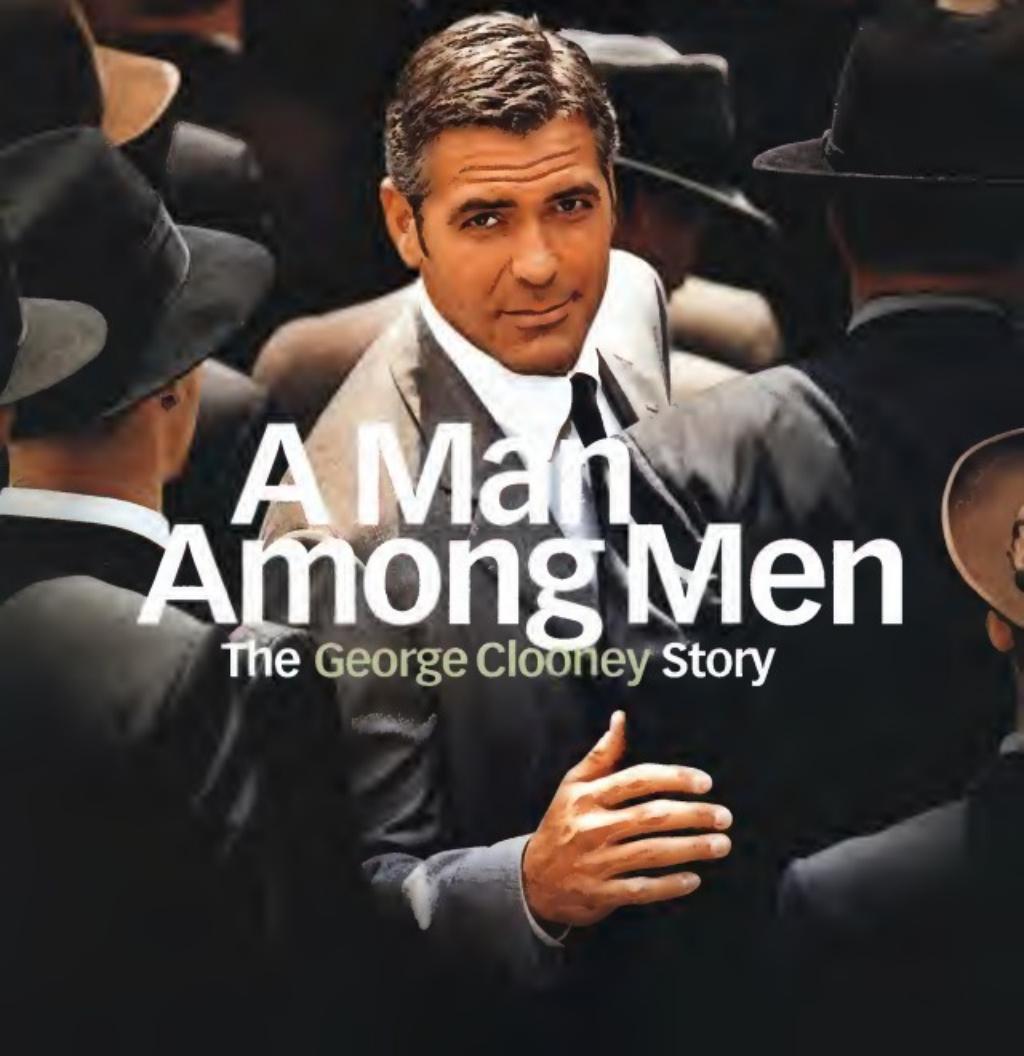
# Esquire

OCTOBER 1999

MAN AT HIS BEST

## A Man Among Men

The George Clooney Story



Polo Ralph Lauren



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TIME BY **COACH**

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## New Directions in Nightlife



Tami Chynn, Director of Tami Chynn

Aubette's co-chefs, Lynn Bennett and Brian Shattoley, have created a atmosphere like space, primed to the needs of its clientele. Online success will be compromised by exposed brick, irrefractable walls panelled in quilted leather—vert berquettere to match—can be pushed back for instant entertainment.

This space is safety test comfortable, with its fine-

plush and lush leather chairs, the back lounge re-made for resting. The vert berquettere and leather walls can be set against an extensive array of indulgences. You can sample everything from Giovanni's oysters to charcuterie and wines by the glass and Aubette's signature drinks (see recipe at right). A welcome menu that runs from salmon ceviche and chicken quenadillas to chocolate fondue and profiteroles will also help keep you satisfied—and it is.

The lounge and rooftop bar upstart is a perfect meeting spot. Instead of a minor whitewash, stone dominates the wall, inscribed in the granite is Aubette's undecorated thesis, designed to keep the crowd focused on each other instead of themselves. Such a mission would be impossible without the participation necessary to pull it off. Here Aubette succeeds quite handily.

Murax (5 or 6 oz) is infused. Sip it slow pants.

PART TWO IN A SERIES

In its role as party capital of the universe, New York has had many faces: disco, pranga, swing, cigar chic. As we close out the last 1,000 years, its latest incarnation as the specter of conspicuous consumption seems completely fitting. The challenge: finding a nightspot that hasn't suffered from too much exposure. Perhaps this is what sets *AUBETTE* apart from the crowd. Its allure lies in aspects still waiting to be revealed.



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3 ounces fresh lime juice  
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1/2 ounce sour mix

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Photograph: Aubette

Invitations: Aubette

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Stylist: Aubette

Editor: Aubette

Designer: Aubette

Photographer: Aubette

Stylist: Aubette



+



+



=



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# Esquire

## Features



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BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON

When you look as good as George Clooney looks, and you have that much charm and talent and style, sometimes it takes a little work not to seem like a prick.

### 114 Hillary as You've Never Seen Her Before

BY TOM JUNOD

No other woman in America gets under men's skin the way Hillary does. Our First Lady has become the most interesting sexual persona of our time.



### 120 The Digital Man

BY GARETH BRAHMIN



The array of digital gizmos flooding the market becomes even more dizzying when you try to make them work together. Here's some advice on what to buy and how to connect it all. You'll look good—and work even better.

### 122 The Future of the Digital Man

BY RAY KURZWEIL

If you're getting tired of juggling gadgets, take heart: In a few years, we'll be injecting them directly into our bodies, finally blurring the sometimes inconvenient distinction between man and machine.

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BY MIKE SAGER

One thing's for sure: He doesn't give a damn if you think so.

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Four reasons nightmarish network television is going to be better this fall, visually and otherwise: Maksim Hargitay, Mötley Crüe, Kim Raver, and Sela Ward.



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E. Lee Bowen reflects on fear, dieting, O.J., and the law. "I've had three divorces. All were accomplished without the need of a lawyer." INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN

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BY DANIEL VOLLMER

The actor's home has become his own mad laboratory. With treatments like these, who needs vics?



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BY RAIMONDO CARINO

Wasn't it a kind of betrayal? To break bread in this man's house and see him put his arm lovingly around the shoulders of the woman who used to be the wife of their dear old friend?

COVER: Photographed exclusively for Esquire by Gary Jones. Produced by Barry Stern. Styling by Adrienne Vittadini. Covering by Michael Kaplan. Hair by Vickie Gorenstein. Ward suit (\$199) by Calvin Klein. Glasses (\$22) by Giorgio Armani. Watch (\$1,200) by Versace.

ESQUIRE 17



## SATURN SURVEY

Your name Mike Sheridan Age 30  
Occupation TRAFFIC REPORTER  
Where is your Saturn retailer located? Saturn of Warwick

If you had to share one story or experience about your Saturs, what would it be?  
I see hundreds of cars every day. If not thousands.  
But for some reason, the Saturs seemed to stand  
out. Anyway, I took a test-drive, and ended up  
getting an SL2. And I've been really happy  
with it. It handles well. And it's very quick.  
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between 7 and 9, or in the afternoon, between  
5 and 7.

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Or here

Or her

9



in phase

PHOTO: RONNIE

I had the privilege of meeting Senator Olympia Snowe several years ago, when I worked on policy. When someone would bring me to the Capitol, I would prep my head into his office to say hello. He always seems

## the sound and the fury

### Aussome

In August, Esquire featured its annual Women We Love gallery, complete with a Brazilian model, a Colombian singer, and a Korean-American billiards champion. At the center of it all was writer Tom Junod's portrait of one fine Australian actress ("A Bridge, a Bed, a Bar, and One Real Ozzie Gull").

The Nicole Kidman cover made your magazine worth picking up, but I'm trading it again to find *Percy Jackson, Sea Trials*, and *Cassandra Clare's all-new novel My American side*. "Aussome," your editor says, "Aussome." But my Mexican side says, "Keep it all! Keep it coming!" —JOE MULCAHY  
Cleveland City, Calif.

I was so sorry how much I liked the Nicole Kidman story. I've been an admirer of this classy lady since her first big movie, *Dead Poets Society*, and still sing along to Nicole in the total package.

—DENNIS D. COMPTON  
North Andover, Mass.

### A Man in Full

Alison Argov, Lorraine's editor: Charles Bowden spent some time with perhaps the most complete man in the U.S. Senate—ever: that is Max Cleland, freshman Democrat from Georgia, four out of his arms and both legs in Hurricane ("Strong Max Cleland").

Paraphrase one of my letters in *Esquire*, but I haven't been so moved by an article in a long time. God forgive me if I ever can plan ahead past now. Senator Cleland is a giant of a man, of four feet of him. His grits and courage and energy, and his tears, though I can't even begin to imagine how or why. God bless Max Cleland and Charles Bowden, whose insightful portrait of him made me forget this issue was supposed to be about the women we love. Song Index, in our house you were quickly bypassed by Max.

—JAY M. QUALITY  
Brooklyn, N.Y.



said knowledgeably about the present of film making. And, unlike your magazine, he reaches for the high ground in people through his profession.

—PAT ANGELIS  
New Orleans, La.

While it was refreshing to be included in "Women We Love," I was a little bewildered to be described as the "best thing to come out of Canada since, um, water."

This was supposed to be a compliment, but how could it not? It was kind of ignorant that causes sugar maples on an armchair where I came from. From the water of who-purrs never heard of Mary Pickford, Donald Sutherland, David Carradine, Sarah Ferguson, Jim Macmillan, Jim Carrey, Sarah McLachlan, Mike Myers, Marshall McLuhan, Roger Galtzky, Glenn Gould, Lorne Greene, Martin Short, Dan Aykroyd, Eugene Levy, Leonard Cohen, Michael Ondrej, the Great White Jones, Kastner, Alexander Graham Bell, Neil Young, Alanis Morissette, Oscar Peterson, James Cameron, Norman Jewison, Peter Jennings, Margaret Atwood, or Alvin Martin? These, after the top of my head, are just a few of the things to come out of Canada. So thanks for the compliment, but to me and the programs up here in my igloo, it came as more of an insult.

—SARAH POLLITT  
Toronto, Ont.

**Taking the High Ground**  
And finally regarding Karen Carpenter's inspiring behind-the-scenes *For Better or Worse*—and our ignorance of Canadian culture:

At first, I was glad to see Olivia Williams included in the August "Women We Love." However, you stuck to the journalistic genre when you chastised Olivia for confiding Karen Carpenter's secret to her bestie to "act out fat." Cancer is not only a wonderful illness who makes you believe in big characters, but possesses

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 120 West 45th Street, New York, NY 10036; e-mail to [editors@esquire.com](mailto:editors@esquire.com); or fax to 212-541-0600. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



GIORGIO ARMANI

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# Everyday Adventures



About a month ago, I saw a movie called *Being John Malkovich*. It's directed by Spike Jonze—his first film—and it's one of the few amazing films I've ever seen. First, for the originality of the idea and the novel use of and comment on celebrity. But even more remarkable than that is its underlying subject: the possibility of doing something entirely wonderful with a movie. Being John Malkovich's genius is both in its execution and in what it shows audiences are still capable of.

I've had a few of those moments lately, when my bus has pulled up to me—seeing Bruce Springsteen's new singles again, for one, and, last summer, getting the opportunity to play golf at the newly restored Seabreeze State Park Black Course (the site of the 1902 U.S. Open) with Ravi Jones, the audience who creates an atmosphere. And as I finished reading the last of the stories in this issue of Esquire, I realized that I'd just had another such experience.

First, there were the three profiles of very different American men: Mike Judge, Nick Nolte, and George Clooney. You go to the end of these pieces and you feel that these guys are not just living the lives they want to live but that they all feel they've embarked on a little adventure. Nolte is bizarre—in Daniel Velt's terms as one of the odddest old-timey profiles ever written—but his enthusiasm for life is contagious. And, more than anything else, that's also the sense that shines through in John H. MacCracken's story about Clooney and in Mike Srago's look at *Dolan's*.

I found the same energy and exuberance in many other places. Read Ken Kragen writing about the stock he buys in the cause you'll appreciate he's come across since he discovered the joys of personal finance when he was eight years old. Or Tom Cusack, who, I'm advised in a report, agrees with me about Spike Jonze. Or Ray Kurzweil, one of the pioneers of artificial intelligence, on the future of your brain. Or the second of Tom Umphrey's columns about playing golf. Or Sean Boal's "Endurance," or Matt at *Hiveline*.

And I have to recommend Tom Jentsch's account of his four days as the trial of Hillary Clinton's wife amounted, more or less, her execution in law for the Secular Jones. It's an entirely original exploration of the central issue with regard to Hillary, which no one talks about and which is why so many men absolutely, eternally hate her, why she is "the most polarizing political soft meat Marine Amazement." Hint: It has something to do with sex.

These stories are altered by some extraordinary photography, most especially Sam Jones's very funny photos of George Clooney from behind our a Universal Studios lot for most of one day and used a number of sets and a bunch of extras to take advantage of Clooney's extremely high tolerance for irony.

There's a lot of good stuff in this issue. I hope you enjoy it. —David Granger

AUGUST 1999 ■ 31

Photo © 1999 David Granger



WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION

# contributors



Last March, *entertainment editor Jay Woodruff* was invited to Los Angeles, Washington, by Raymond Carver's widow, poet Tess Gallagher, to look through Carver's childhood. Helping to find an interesting fragment, they instead discovered their complete, accomplished short stories. "Kindling," appeared herein July, and now the second story, "Woodruff," can be found on page 36. "In some ways, 'Woodruff' seemed like the most chameleonic of the three," says Woodruff, who came to *Esquire* in January 1994 before having helped launch *DoubleTake*. "It has a classic Carver situation—two couples arguing at a kitchen table, drinking coffee and talking, telling the writer of this deep dramatic tension." Woodruff has also been busy editing the new *Esquire* book *Breakers*, featuring photos of many brothers, some famous, some not, and many from Tolson Wolf, Frank McCourt, Richard Ford, David Sedaris, and others, including Esquire's Scott Raab, whose piece, "Confessions of a bigbrother," appears on page 96. *Breakers* is available from Hyperion. Woodruff lives in New Jersey with his wife and three children.



"The first thing you notice about George Clooney is that he's in such horrid looking in person than he is on screen," says writer at large **John H. Richardson**, who spent three days in Mississippi with the thirty-eight-year-old star of the upcoming *Three Kings*. "He's always smiling and laughing, which is something you hardly ever see him do when he's on set." Richardson, who is currently writing a pilot for HBO based on his *Mayan Empire* piece, "Scenes from a (Gang) Marriage," found Clooney refreshingly frank about almost all aspects of his life. "He doesn't dodge questions," he says. "He'll answer any question you ask him, but he'll make you kind of embarrassed about posing it. He shows you a little bit the risks you're assuming, in part in the occasion." *"The Common Touch of the Loyalist, Mac"* begins on page 186.



Could there be a day in the not-too-distant future when humans bring intelligent life into existence without God? When machine intelligence will virtually be indistinguishable from the human mind? According to **Ray Kurzweil**, a pioneer in developing artificial intelligence systems, the question is not if but when. "This will happen as a result of the reverse engineering of the human brain," says Kurzweil, who, as a wee fifteen-year-old in 1963, built his own computer and programmed it to create music in the style of famous composers. Among his many interests is the first prior-to-speech coding machine for the blind. He has also founded and sold four medical-instrument companies and written three books, including *The Age of Spiritual Machines* (Viking). "Twenty-first-century technology will be even more powerful than what we have today and will apply all the personal benefits, as well as the potential dangers," Kurzweil's essay on the merger of man and machine can be found on page 123.



Wouldn't it be nice if there were a billion-dollar conflict over an issue of 1.14 billion dollars? That's what happened to *Raymond Carver River Center* in Seven Springs, a White Mountain Place Change. Delta Galaxie, the Florida-based chain, is Macy's Valley Fe Grille/Grill, a 1.12 billion-dollar investment. And Pensose's

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LOUIS VUITTON

# MAN AT BEST



"Two things will be the most important when they start the Super Bowl," predicts Antonio Brown. "The weather, the way they're never dressed by me, and how they're always trying to protect her or themselves." So, he's enough to make a man like Bill a home run, a NFL executive says. **The Coverage NFL** (Photography: Gabe Greenberg; Oliver Best) Shown: Antonio Brown, the star of another big year, when he had 1,000 yards, making flying wedge runs an integral part of his offense as an end-zone cheerleader. Sometimes, it's all you gotta do. **THE GREATEST GAME**

## THE GREATEST GAME

GUCCI

FOTO: STEPHEN MCGOWAN/PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIPPE BOUAF / L'OFFICIEL DE LA MODE ET DU DESIGN

## THAT '70s CAR

THE INISH MONTE CARLO EVIDENTS AN EARLIER ERA IN CAR-ON-THE TRACK



## DRIVE, WE SAID

BY EDWARD A. MANN CAN YOU BELIEVE HIS NEED FOR SPEED?

We gonna slow down, or at least that's what we're told, with Montana's recent speed limit posting and the radar traps all across the great, innocent land. And now we're informed that you can find warnings on the Web ([www.wwn.com](http://www.wwn.com)). Yes, we've got no big deal. But, seriously, there's a lot less to do than, say, a car chase search of Blacktop, still enough to let it fly, long after most people have stopped. The question is where. Where is safe, healthy, purposeful, and possibly wins? The answer, gentlemen, is all around us—everywhere there's more road than that's too crowded for cops to count or too empty for them to bother. —PHIL PATTERSON



**HIGHWAY 21:** From Interstate 40 just off Route 40 near Marshall Highway to well over 300 descents and wide-open roads, where you can only dream and wouldn't know you still. **INTERSTATE 40, NORTH CAROLINA:** Even Nascar drivers would be hard-pressed to find a better route to South Carolina. "There beats in Charlotte Motor Speedway and nothing," Gordon says. "Compared to those cars going to work, ours is putting on miles up 40, not on the car phone."

**HIGHWAY 101, NEW YORK/CALIFORNIA:** Around the perimeter of both Valley Girl land and sand country and, in fact, the landscape seems like one long tape, no need for local directions, since a shotgun buddy with binoculars can see the next reproductive car miles off on the way.

**HIGHWAY 105, NEW JERSEY:** When you live in New Jersey, Route 105 is your lifeline. Head northeast on highways 105 and back toward the Hudson River, and you'll pass the grave of Hollywood another-time star Fred MacMurray, who died last year at age 93. Since there are no shoulders or lanes for bumper-to-bumper driving, either wait until they back up to "stop"—a young guy in a stop sign or listen to interference.

**HIGHWAY 30, NEVADA:** "It's designed to be the 'fastest road in the world,'" says Raphayel Soto, the lead driver of high-speed street racers Blacktop in America. "There's nobody out there fast like us." One treasurer there says, "And nobody includes police officers."

Intel's Millenia iMonia Onida—near the World Cup in Mexico City—was the most popular car in the world, even as Chevrolet puts the same Millenia in a modern Japanese dress. While we're here, the Impala's a solid bet. First choice: the Buick sporty LeSabre. Happily, the 2008 Monte Carlo SS is an exception to the otherwise jaded.

The SS is the first new car to open up space after a 20-year hiatus. It's a sleekly modified version from the '90s. You, with its long hood and short deck, and the most recognizable part of its history, it's a bold new tag for a bunch of every little and Dennis Sommer. But under the hood, it's like one of the Am General's versions of the 3,800 six cylinder, now topped at 290 horses, given it's more elegant than some of the earlier V-6 models.

The Monte Carlo is also Chevy's Nascerunque, and it shows. Its designers made the latest version look as much like the track car as possible, and with good reason. After Jeff Gordon shows up in the winner's circle, fans want to visit the dealership, with the Jeff Gordon caricature cutouts in the lobby. They'd probably look best at the Monte Carlo SS, for the sex car that drives images of Dale into rough, and of Jimmie Johnson, whose Maserati doesn't put it on the track 30 years ago. —PHIL PATTERSON

PHOTO COURTESY OF MILLENIA; COURTESY OF HERMES; COURTESY OF INISH

**THE RULES**  
**Rule No. 105:** You don't hug on Superman's cape. **Rule No. 106:** You don't stare for an inordinately long time at Batman's cowlpiece. **Rule No. 107:** Bangnas.

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It's called *X-Ray* because fashion designer and photo-artist François Novy believes he's offered a "biased skin-deep representation of the celebs" in his new book (*Graphic Books*, \$15). Maybe, maybe not, but it's sure fun to see—among the 200 familiar faces like David Niven, Clark Gable, and The Beatles—the glassine-clad tops of Madonna, Jennifer, and Catherine. Need another reason to buy *#1*? Here are three more. Another Valentine as a "70s flight attendant. Cheesy! Terrible! As a dominatrix, doing all those auto-massage things that turn ladies gay, and Michael Jackson as a somewhat more cultured Snow White than you've seen her.

—LAUREN DAASOTTI

### ENDORSEMENT: THE JOCKSTRAP



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN MANNING, STYLING: ANDREW HEDDERY

We slumped in a loose robe wearing a bright teal paint splattered on the wood-paneled wall. No pink tabs or coy pubescence waiting, with our eyes on our shoes and front gams, for a hairy sugar baby with a tan whose roundish neck to start her fury had sprung shorts and given a quick tug.

However rough the mode—and there were days when Mr. Warren, fed of eye and nose of those, could make these stings pain. We swiveled chairs—men never called themselves in those days—until we could make out the a pervious Mr. called a jock strap. We called it a jock check.

In a now-world held and squelched by computer-monitored jockstraps may be obscured in antecedents, but damn if holding it was always there—Men checked into John Paper and William Horn—calling scant attention to their talents yet emanating confidence, paying a small but essential supporting role. This simple and robustly designed garment has changed little since 1914, when the New York Company (known today as Gap) first sold it to coincide the cut-off-trousered popularity of American bicycling policies.

It's time, for a nearly inviolate, not the polarized-over-many-years saying, "The most weird need was caused to leave the wet fog of Berlin delights to pack in this." I'm suggesting replicas why typing "jockstrap" into your Web browser today will produce a few websites replete with a few thousand links that let you skip the lovely jockstrap as a translucent version of the crutchless party Mr. Warren has a delicate nose.—Scott Baeth

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refreshing by the  
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In 1989, Trotton Cole created the first Cole-Haan shoe. Cole-Haan introduces Trotton, a limited-edition collection inspired by archival patterns of the '20s and '30s and hand-crafted in Italy. Styles range from nito wingtips to modern monkstraps. The Trotton Collection is available at Neiman Marcus, Mitchell's of Westport, Richards of Greenwich, Gwyn's in Newport Beach, Saks Fifth Avenue, A.N.F., and Cole-Haan retail stores.

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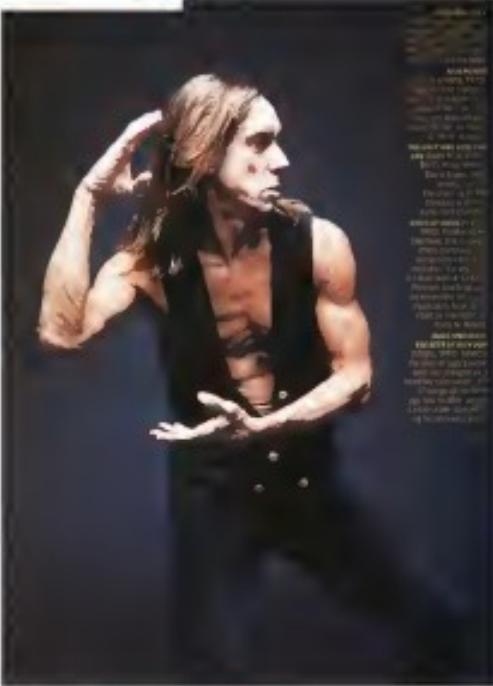
## Vacation in Barbados With *Esmére and Victoria*

Esquire and Tatoue have created a whimsical vacation package in beautiful Barbados—the Caribbean island renowned as a haven of British style and symbiotic luxury. From January 8-15, 2000, you'll sample the best the island has to offer, including, to your own pleasure and leisure, five private dinners from Sean Connery to the continental dining, from world-class golfing and water sports to art galleries and historical sites, from relaxed lounge to VIP seating at the annual Barbados Jazz Festival. Your accommodations at the Tamandoo Cove Hotel will provide both the impeccable style and amenities that make for an unforgettable stay. For information and reservations, contact William D. Buckner's Travel Team, Inc., at 800-621-9725.



BMW Motorcycles Celebrates  
A Literary Classic

BMW North America teamed up with Prague at the annual Americade rally in Lake George, NY to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Roger Pingeon's classic *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. The books original editor, Jim Lunde spoke to Bimmer enthusiasts playing tribute to the long tradition of BMW touring motorcycles, including those noted in Prague's book. Bikes on display included the K 1000 LT, one of the motorcycles inspiring thousands of readers discovering touring beauty. Proceeds from sales of the new edition of *Zen* were donated to Prigeon's charity devoted to fighting breast cancer.



## IGGY TURNS IT DOWN

THE GODFATHER OF PUNK MELLOWS OUT WITH SANTINA IN THE DARK, LILITH LADIES, AND A NEAR RECORD

Expectations are soothed in a New York City bar that most accept than as an anxious by-product of urban living. But when the doorman of a swanky downtown hotel jeered Iggy Pop with the F-word, even he had to pause. "That was the first time in my years of rock 'n' roll that I ever heard a hotel employee use the F-word," said Iggy. "I said 'Fuck,' and went on. AMEN." Iggy's latest record, *Ave Maria*, is likely to cause a similar reaction. In contrast with his reputation for outraging rock mainstream, Iggy has grown castanpolic, twisting a "treasure trove of words" with spoken-word compositions, symphonic interludes, and unabashedly "sexscam" guy lyrics. Has the pop genre lost just the wider who wondered about with the musicians' callous disregard? "Give me my fucking coffee now!" he snarled, bringing the table. As the waiter retreated, Iggy closed his eyes and sipped his espresso. Ah, yes, he sighed. Yes, indeed.

—Michael Goldfarb

**Q&A** Is this a different Iggy than the one who announced with glee he'd been naked? *Yes*

**IGGY** I am a completely different person. The person I am now is more like the version. Many mistakes happened twice. That will not do for the rest of my life. There is no room for the old part of Iggy Pop. I am the best for the people who are probably never going to listen again to their lives.

**Q&A** This record seems like a departure from those that I like the most—like *Raw Power*. What's changed?

**IGGY** I am open to all options in the dark. Playing a lot of records in the last year has helped. Playing a lot of American Culture songs during a lot of touring. Self improvement like this—anyone can do it. It's important to remember that it's not about how many years you have left. You can still contribute to society if you're an experiment in someone else's life.

**Q&A** This part of your work used to be one of the hallmarks of punk. Not an icon that helps anything.

**IGGY** I am less of an icon myself because of that. It's a very dangerous habit to worth an icon. Shows full of internet passworts and people not understand. Showing my species in the belly and full of poor cultures. I feel like I'm not comfortable because nobody seemed to know about me. Now they kind of know. "That guy's some kind of rocker," but that's about it. I don't have an ego.

**Q&A** AMEN?

**IGGY** I can have an ego, because I have an ego myself. I'm not afraid. If I believe in you, I'm not afraid. I believe in you. My character ego was the offer of an infinite life except a limited circle for a local charity. A combination three or four dental offices wouldn't have a problem. AMEN. It's my right as an American to go back to work.

**Q&A** In *Maria* where the song "IggyPop" started there?

**IGGY** I was going for two years on *Amén* with a beginning, got and got that right. I am a Christian. I am a Christian, and I believed there. *Maria* is a beautiful popca story that is a happened to me in my most educational meaning another language. I talk to different kind of people who don't know anything about me, and it's an exercise from this whole life.

**Q&A** And you don't have pure maniacs—

—*Iggy Pop*.

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# WHO'S THAT GIRL?

JUST THE NEW FACE—BAD BODY—OF MINI SWITZER

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ROLL 'EM

They write the one unanswerable: they about those glamourous stars back when flying was still an adventure, not an experience. The problem is, no one could tell them their real beauty through many rays that ripen and cleanse, aging. The real anti-aging beauty of the wrinkles learned by wise choices was then lost. Why else would people who lived every day of their working lives see them-to-finally someone's a wrinkly old timer because she never packages her face? The only mode left is the helpless old dame, while the human response affects the benefits of beauty—like the female wrinkles and the sag becomes a backdrop.



SCEPTERED AISLES

A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS SENDS ONE OUR VOTE

It's time for another British invasion: this one of the retail fashion world. London designer Nicole Farhi, a favorite of Esquire's fashion editor, has just opened an American flagship—*InStyle* at 600 Madison Ave. on East 50th Street; the site of the old Capoccianna department store. To carry her modern retro prettiness of Oh-so-girly designs, unlike the expected acid pinking and pastels, don't look elsewhere; so many tiny stores, the swedeys, lacquers, a miniskirt (*above*) reflect the cotton, tweedknit, madras with lightweights, light-colors, muted tones. There's also a downyness rampant at the store venue—the designer's focus being a down-the-hallway—you'll be able to grab a spot of tea.

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**WINE 101**

OUR ALL-VARIETY, ANY BUDGET GUIDE WILL TAKE YOU FROM WINE SPECTATOR TO ACTIVE PARTICIPANT

Two standing before a crowd of eager wine students, our nearly White cringed with a spicy, saucy blend of Merlot and Grenache grapes chosen for a class I was teaching called The Big Reds. With the first sip, I heard a light of pleasure.

"So where does it smell like?" I shouted to the crowd.

"Raspberries?" It was the French French chef Jacques Pepin, and others followed in a strain of consciousness crescendo: "Spice?" "Violets?" "Blackplum?" Whoosh! This was clearly going more, but things were rapidly getting too cerebral.

**BUYING STRATEGY NO. 1: GO WITH THE ALL-STAR TEAM**

This may not be the hippest, newest, cooler hole-in-the-wall, but on my wine radar screen, these wacky winewarts set a permanent flavor. They're names that have been around offering consistently excellent wines at their price point to said peer me. Like a pair of Clark Gableys, they're the person you ready them. They anchor for shoulds more waveform-and-waveform shuffles, and probably will be seen to come. Sure, a dose of the cutting edge in the sensory world can be fun, but it's like choosing forever words over likeable chumps. They're the flavor of the moment, but all these words here for you to next time you want to stock the fridge or impress a client?

**THE ALL-STAR LINEUP: WHITES**  
For most cost-effective wines, though, see the price-cutters.

**Holiday Persevere Chardonnay**  
Mills River, California \$12 This classy chardonnay boasts the

savory with its tropical fruit flavor, and the sweet coat of oak that covers of California chardonnays. For most chardonnays from northern California, if they're as good as this, are at least twice the price.

"Anything else?" I opened. A male voice boomed from the back: "My girlfriend!" That brought us back round.

"Very cool!" I raised my glass. "And here's hoping everyone's relationships will someday be like that guy's. But for now there's this wine. What would you pay for it?"

"Fifteen bucks?" "Nineteen euros?" "Twenty-five bucks?" A plausibly-harmless Texas lady cried. "I'll pay anything! Just tell me what I can buy." For the record, that wine cost \$7.99, and she's got plenty of cheap thrills. When it comes on great wines, the best wines, that's exactly the point—not the cheap part but the thrill.

At first sip, those wines dressed all your sensory detection, giving every synapse through its pores with scents, tastes, and textures. Wine gives all this in one swoop.

Then comes a pleasure plateau, much like an endorphin rush, when our five senses have been in the vacation and you can just relax with a complete, sustained deliriousness that looks in after the first few tastes. Wine protocol that balance.

The trick, of course, is finding it. Should you look to the ratings? Ratings from even the most talented of wine critics can be problematic for the buyer, for two reasons. First, preferences are individual, so scores out of 100 is like scoring beauty. Which is say an earthy Chianti is better than a fruity white zinfandel? Then, as a skilled critic is 99 percent pure wine huck to impress a high proportion of wine drinkers? Sure it is, and that's the other problem: High scores regularly put wines out of the reach of the very buyers they're supposed to serve. The demand and price shoot up for the superexpensive wines, and then you either can't find them or can't afford them. Which brings us to price.

Better you start seeking out the mix of your basic balance since you start buying the best wines. Know this: In terms of cost and flavor, the rule that more expensive means the better doesn't necessarily apply. Degrees of distinction are passionate about barbecue, for example, which uses passion out of meat.

My point is this: The best wines are those that are year-plus score winners, and price is no guarantee of that. (Score me \$7.99, gafford-scooter wine.) If a score and price aren't a ticket to the best wines, what do you do? It's not as hard as it sounds, really. In fact, down to two simple strategies:

**Rule of Scores: Chardonnay**  
Leguna Ranch/Sonoma County,  
California \$13 With this late 1980s, as well as with its cabernet, sauvignon and red blends, Leguna has joined the ranks of California's top super-premium-wine producers. The Leguna Ranch is a great example of the full inserts, sumo California-chardonnay style.

**Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc**, Marlborough, New Zealand \$11 Get ready for a sensory thrill ride with this wine—one of the world's great, and very expensive, whites. Scents of lime, grapefruit, and sour fruit make your mouth water even before you

drink it. The explosive flavor involves a lot of citrus, chardonnay, or lime juice. It's a blend comprehend delicious with every dish I've ever tried, and one of the few wines that easily work with weird test



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ing stuff like sea urchin spines,  
sand dollars

As Bob Cleary Chardonnay left to Barber County, California, I said you will have to work a little harder to find him—most of my other 45-star nominees have



THE WALL STREET JOURNAL © 1995

**Shingle Ranch Vineyard Charbroiled Patchfield, Mo., 240**  
I was extremely taken with the seductive perfume and flavor of Shingle Ranch wine when I tasted the first ever release more than 20 years ago. Then a wise old friend called physiognomist destroyed the entire vineyard and production ceased. It is now reestablished and

with the 1987 vintage. There is wine liquid fire there is wine again stagish now cooked till the juice, rustic beauty out of its Napa Valley grapes and left it there front and center where most wineries eat too much oak. Brown.

**► Stellar Sonoma Coast Chardonnay** (Sonoma \$12) I've lost my taste for Sonoma Coast, but I dig this pinot noir here, with a pacy cherry-vanilla aroma and flavor and an ensemble tidy texture in the mouth.

**Columbia Crest**, *Mercer, Columbia Valley, Washington*, \$11. Talk about a steal! You can't believe how good this wine is. It's a blend of Cabernet Sauvignon and Merlot, and it's packed with flavor. The fruit is ripe and juicy, with hints of dark chocolate and vanilla. The tannins are well-integrated, making it a smooth and balanced wine. It's perfect for pairing with a variety of dishes, from pasta to meatloaf. If you're looking for a great value, this is definitely the wine to try.

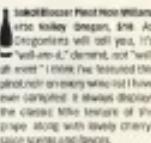
**Louis Latour Clos-Claude Bourgogne 2006** Not to mention that this is one of the few wines about which I'd actually say that what's in the bottle is worth a home. Chardonnay grapes chardonnays are modeled on the classic Burgundy style, so taste it and experience that to which they

**Cabernet Sauvignon** Cabernet Sauvignon is the most widely planted grape variety in California, and it's also the most popular wine in the state. It's a full-bodied, robust wine with a deep red color and a complex flavor profile. Cabernet Sauvignon is often paired with hearty红肉 dishes like steaks and chops.

**I** like California's Sauvignon Blancs from the Santa Barbara, California, area. How do you get delicious Sauvignon Blancs without having to take out a home equity loan? Start by staying clear of Napa Valley where high prices show up in the price of every bottle. This wine is a prime example of a great wine at reasonable prices. One of California's prime coastal vineyard regions, help keep the price in check. However, I don't want to offend the Napa Valley wine drinker. After all, they may mouth less—every year. California's coastal vintners are looking for a measure to this wine.

► Château Lassale-Mézard  
AOC Bergerac, Haut-Médoc, Bor-  
deaux 2004. Big-time French bor-  
deauxdrinkers will pooh-pooh this  
selection, but I keep putting it in  
my bordeaux tasting groups so the  
big-chip snobs can't see it. It keeps  
you company well, and nowhere at the ta-

**American Delilah (Estate Cellar)**  
2001 Merlot, Sonoma County, \$24. The nose is filled with blackberry, cassis, and dark chocolate. The palate is ripe and full, with a solid core of fruit. The finish is long and smooth. (Rating: 90) **2001 Cabernet Sauvignon, Napa Valley, \$24.** The nose is filled with blackberry, cassis, and dark chocolate. The palate is ripe and full, with a solid core of fruit. The finish is long and smooth. (Rating: 90) **2001 Chardonnay, Sonoma Valley, \$24.** The nose is filled with blackberry, cassis, and dark chocolate. The palate is ripe and full, with a solid core of fruit. The finish is long and smooth. (Rating: 90)



**Tuscan Capuccino Roast**  
A Montalcino, Tuscany 53110.  
It's what I drink while you are  
waiting for its big arrival. Tuscan  
superior! Il Cappuccino di Montalcino  
has to be enjoyed in the peccorino.  
It is made from a variant of the Sangiovese  
grape which is used in Chianti.  
The Tuscan Rossa has a rich  
aroma accent and flavor. Once the  
beer is finished, I have invited  
with about 350 wine students  
and the response is always the  
same: "More please!"

**Marlène Terres Estuaries-Pinot Noir**  
Den Mijger Wijnkopers, Bousquet  
\$24. Have the chardonnay Marlène Terres (as in the Sangre d'Uva Terres family of Spanish wines) been quietly making its mark? It's not Sancerre for certain, as it has a more rustic nose that took most of my chardonnay tasting about eight years ago. They are still green, but now I think they possess a rather interesting style. It has the intensity and complexity of French varietal but the elegance and grace ready-to-drink character of California varietals.

**Sauvignon-Gamay** (Sauvignon-Gamay) 2011  
-ermet Sauvignon Napa 124,7  
100% Chardonnay Valley 140,0  
ermet. Mogen en lekker fruitig ver-  
baan jucieus droog, dig blouberry



# HOW MEN ★ BONDED ★ BACK BEFORE THEY KNEW THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO.

27

and black-current flavors, and plump, smooth tannins. The problem is, you can't find that wine anymore for less than \$12. This varietal is the exception it seems: great young, but it turns ugly, too. I came across it 1988 recently and it was deliciously beautiful.

**Fresque: Nero, Ribera del Duero, Spain, \$24.** Make every effort to find this wine, which has mind-blowing power and intensity at youth. It is like a pure essence of black fruits—berries and plums—which great complexity and concentration it ages gracefully too, becoming spicy and leathery. That means "red." In Spanish, Fresque is also all spiciness, and the world's, point writes.

**Chez Méry** 84  
Aix-en-Provence, 13100 France  
Tel: 04 90 85 10 00  
Fax: 04 90 85 10 01  
A small, friendly restaurant in the heart of Aix. The menu is simple, with a few choices of each course. The food is good, the service is excellent, and the atmosphere is relaxed. It's a great place to eat a meal without spending a fortune.

**M**any companies do not fully understand how to effectively manage their virtual teams. While it's true that many factors contribute to the success or failure of a virtual team, one factor is often overlooked: the manager's own leadership style. In fact, the manager's leadership style can have a significant impact on the success of a virtual team.



This wine, though, I have no confidence. For years, I have been buying and selling the Volnay d'Argenlieu, and they've appointed this as their top cuvee, but try to find me a Cru Chambertin or Clos de Vougeot, too. They've been well-drained for five years now, proper viticulture. They also have an incredibly distinctive style that's unequalled in all the world. I mean, look at the

**Château Beaucastel Châteauneuf-du-Pape**, Rhône, France \$120. This wine is so French—combining refined, noble character with animal decadence. The assertive earth flavors are a great mix of pungent savory spices like black pepper and cayenne pepper, framing ripe fruits. It's a "big" wine, yet somehow it's also delicate.

第十一章 水利水电工程概预算

### **EDUCATIONAL NEEDS**

**BUY THE STUFF MOST OTHER PEOPLE AREN'T BUYING**  
This strategy concerns the "headlines" of the world around us. On the one hand, you avoid low-consumption living, mostly California supermarket brands with compromised names that make some unconvincing geography, like Myrna's Coastal-Style Baggy Cooks. If there aren't more to a software package that makes up these names! And the price—\$19.99 for a really mediocre novel? You can spend less and get a far more name-and-character

At the other end of the spectrum, you avoid the high scoring, high-pitched trophy wines that are purchased and drunk as status symbols, these may be for a certain legal or pleasure goals, however the word I am looking for is a regular basis. I want to drink good tasting wine all the time. With this wine buying strategy, you narrow in on the wine underneath of the wine world—a variety of wines that are really quaffable, and yummy, and all under \$20. Ready for some news?

Someplace between Biggy Creek and going broke is where most restaurants call ABC (Anybody Can) but obviously no Colorado barbecue place measures up selling white and red gravy sandwiches, respectively, or the U. S. 4 of 8. And don't get me started. Any place that offers such a reasonably thoughtful selection, puts heart and soul into creating the best food in this category of eatery, deserves praise indeed. That's why we must beggars go together, we customers too even here a lot of our customers are scared off by the cheap price of these lovely meals. It's not that we're asking you to raise your prices, log sense.

UNSUNG HEROES WHITE

My strongest themes of the otherwise-world fall into two categories. The first is *Reckless*. *Reckless* can't be? Are you kidding? Just try to get away from one of the following areas: Attack, Frisco (in-effect), generosity, shiny anti-social qualities, or like U.S. (as whenever) in the middle, like other's brainwash bland.

always in proportion to whatever  
sobering drink you may prefer—  
simple—grilled lamb at a mid-  
afternoon dinner.

**►** **Tart Brunch** di moscato Tuscany IGT. Try to find the 1993 vintage of this wine; it is rare that a Bruscola shows this much character without decades of bottle age. I was overwhelmed by the soft worlds of garnet, spice, coffee, mint, clove... All that came through in the taste, along with a nutty character.

104

**Chateau Souverain Sauvignon Blanc, Sonoma, \$16** Truly, I don't know how they do it. This wine has enough lusciousness to please even a chardonnay drinker, but at the same price, it's twice the quality.



series of any of the supernatural brand cards you're buying, this will all converge.

wineries in all of Germany. Spatzenreiter is the newest label, and the rest of the stuff is in the vineyard. This wine's name and label could be plucked flowers, tropical fruit, leaves; I keep going back to the glass for more. Which is perfectly okay because the wine is not too lush, which makes it a beautiful mid-summer wine.

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**WINE-DRINKING HEROES RED**

At the off-beat extremes, the red-wine world is red wine. There are plenty of dark heroes just waiting to be gratified up by the enlightened-value-drinker. These categories deserve some exploration.

**Pinky Aussie Blend.** It seems the Aussies are a 100% more discriminating than anyone about



grapes. Rather than being slaves to Cabernet Sauvignon tradition, they take a "toss out blends" approach, using grapes of different grapes, often in interesting combinations. Sure, they make their share of simple grape wines, too, but a lot of these red blends have the character of a boutique wine without the high cost.

**20-Mark! (The red blend)** This grape offering is full-throated, juicy, and—necessarily so, say California cabernet drinkers looking for a cheaper price.

**Chianti.** It's been over 100 years since you received a Chianti wine at the height of the street. But it's as decent as you can get. I recognize this spicy juice will be something that you will love it. So buy all the 1998s you can find.

**Bottino.** An Italianized grape grown in the Piedmont, it's soft and juicy and can be the character of the off-the-table table. It is a perfect fit with nearly every food imaginable at 12%, always a great list in restaurants. The expensive ones are a little less flexible, but great with cheese.

**Spanish Rioja.** Awesome bodega buildings are sprouting up everywhere, just like 1998 has de-

took pretty hard to pay in excess of 20 bucks, and they're usually much less, and even the mass-market bottlings offer relatively startling price after price. Look for bottles with the fruit flavors for day-to-day drinking, with pretty much any food. Bottles colored rosé and green reserves are better and antibiotic-aged longer before release offering; remember that's well worth the trade-up in price. Serve these with grilled foods, simple soups, and cheeses.



**Mill of Contento (El Vino Greenwich)** (San Jose Valley, Australia, \$12.99) **The (Priceless) wine!** You've been dying for the 20-spell the bottle, I know. As for the description, I could do better than the taster quoted at the beginning of the article: hell of a combination! You've got a proprietary blend from Aussie John Larcher, whose importing company—the Australian Premium Wine Company, Inc.—has down-under look for them good

**Radio 4 California Chianti** (Carmel, Napa, \$14.99) The Modici family has been making and drinking wine at this former radio



could always count on the taste you love at a fair price, with no worries about vintage. With this wine, that dream can come true. Chianti's classic, the baseline of Spanish Rioja wines, offers pretty cherry and spice scents, a sultry mouth feel, and great flavor. I have been selling this wine to restaurant customers for years, always a joyous response. I once bought a bottle of Chianti's white Rioja for \$4.99. It was great, too.



**20-Avintury Calimero Red Blend** (Santa Barbara, California, \$14.99) **Australis.** If you took pleasure in your 1998s (and experiences and baked them in a tart), it would taste and smell like this wine. Amazingly accurate on this bottle is a hell of a lot faster, and unless you're Martha Stewart, bring it in a lot of other parts, too. It's also deliciously smooth, with several blendable bottlings, all of them good

**Marques de Caceres Rioja Crianza** (Spain, \$10) **My favorite.** The name itself has been making and drinking wine at this former radio



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this. Because in recent USAC certified tests, Seville STS with the Northstar System and the amazing handling of StabiliTrak decisively outperformed the E430 in wet and dry cornering—results that translate to the real world every time you turn a corner. So test drive a Seville STS. Because it will change the way you think about American luxury performance sedans. And more than ever, it's what's next.

**SEVILLE STS. IT'S WHAT'S NEXT.**

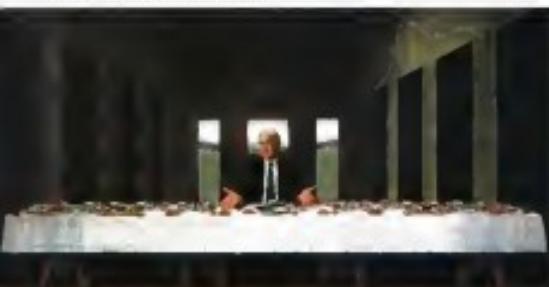




## THUS SPAKE OUR CRITIC

A SERMON ON THE FOUR-SQUARE GEOMETRY THAT UNDERLIES ANY GREAT REAHL

I WENT through hardscrabble papers, here. Under the stars' cankers square. In my seat at the U.S. Open, red rivets held for the post during the first quarter of a tennis game. Even when I score cheap backhand volleys to something like the star: Report, no sooner as receive whom dress her answers, say "I'm goin' out."



My wife thinks I'm a little old-fashioned. That's just a really bad word. I always have been and I always will be. Always except when I am at my very own table in a good restaurant with a well-made drink in hand and the floor on the way down, swaying the most perfect square border in the world with my wine and friends to three hours, like a concert in a cave in a pasture.

At a good table, in a good, comfortable atmosphere, like now, you can lean back to savor a moment of park-like quiet. You can sit a minute, take a look, clutch a drink or touch a woman's arm and speak in whispers—while sharing a remarkable feeling of intimacy and freedom that you never get at a bar or in a barroom, much less a public event elsewhere.

A good table has cheer more comfortable than any you have at home. The total effect is comfortable and secure. Not found? The lighting above it can enough to make any woman levily cooable, in appropriate phrasings, come within inches of your sitting down. Women rolls red and slightly sooted burns like the soap off your fingers. The menu is not large or pretentious, lots of twists and political economy. The specials of the evening number no more than three, and the wine lets pretension lower than a church organ. Cheap nipples flicker, wineglasses, less than fresh flowers, waiters who speak as few words as coffee, and an owner who tells you his handled problems—any of them can play up the nearly unconscious intimacy of a table for four.

Of course, it truly precludes him if he'd even hear the world that makes you all feel as though you're at the corner of something enduring. A table in the Grand Central, in keeping with the place at Lemo with the iron Rio laid down, or on a mountaintop in a bungalow looking out over the Arizona desert is all the excitement you need—aside from the food, eat your companions, indeed a perfect evening, it's a kind, a pooh, and a friend who is precious enough to say, "So what was it like to see Nicole Kidman drop her drivers?"

—John Mansfield

### THE RULES

**Rule No. 209:** Talk half as much as you listen. **Rule No. 210:** If you have been drinking, arrested, or touring a hostile land full of gun-toting fundamentalists, or if you are the lead singer of Sugar Ray, talk one fifth as much as you listen.

### PERFECT TABLES

**BOOGE TERRACE** at the Hotel Royal Plaza: Walk to the Moon Room, 211-23-00-1000, two stories above the Spanish Steps, with rooms all around you, 200-foot-long dining room with white linens in the Hollywood-style pink 'n blue **best table:** Number 14, where you used to do the **LE CAFE RUE LIP** at the Hotel Royal Plaza, 211-23-00-25-00, where you'll find an intimate, candlelit corner overlooking Louis XIV tables and grand French windows by chef Michel Leterrier. Choose a table along the French windows.

**PIREAU'S**: 5-Botaf in the Highlands Inn, Castle Rock, 211-23-00-1000. Step across the road to the Pirofia, which stretches far away and looks sweep through the pines outside as you go up an old stone spring leads and wild vineyards from the fjord to the hills. **2nd best table:**

**ROSEAN**, 211-23-00-1000. **3rd best:** **Le Bouillon**! Henry Beaufort Inn, 211-23-00-24-23-00-00. A Michelin-starred restaurant and a British & Chezvous "exemplified establishment" in the heart of Chezvillage. Best table is the glass box above the garden.

**LE MIRAGE AU QUAT' SAISONS**: French Room, Grand Hotel, Regent, 211-23-00-217888. A

19th-century castle house now decorated with its original furniture, enormous ceiling, and the cooking of one of England's greatest chefs, Raymond Blanc. **4th** **the Conservatory** (yes, the gardens, 211-23-00-1555). Revolutionary in its atmosphere, you feel mostly kindly superimposed with the gloriously tragic Le Comte and chef partner Eric Ripert does it with understanding, understanding extension to dense, fine robes, in the setting roses with a view of the lettuce.

**THE FRENCH LAUNDRY**, 211-23-00-2200, Street, Yountville, California, 707-944-2349. Many ranked **Thomas Keller's** French chef in America, and it's easy to taste why at this charming New Orleans restaurant. **Best** experiences the classic French California style of dinner country dining. Eat alfresco on the patio.

**THE CANCERHOUSE** at the Inn on the Rock, 411-1600 Mount Loretto Drive, Kenosha, Wisconsin, 207-633-6222. Here you get some of the freshest, ziti, white breads, stir-fried, fresh-fillets, a menu that will bring you to tears, and sensational Pacific Northwest trout table the comes from top notch.

**LAURENT'S**, 211-23-00-1000, Owners Linda and David Gosselin—aka this great Montreal establishment at one of the most romantic restaurants in America. Set next to the fireplaces in the garden tables.

PHOTO: ANDREW HETHERINGTON

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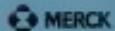
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# Green

A Month in the Life of Your Money

By Ken Kurson



**THE COMPANY**

**1** The mortgage business is brutal. People fear and resent the home lending process; a disservice in itself, all the more despotic because it has so often represented the largest investment an individual holds. A person who's supplicated for home funds knows that it remains a surprisingly seventh-century intent. Your life's documents are in a locker, and someone you can't even identify whether you're loanwriting, and at what price. Forty to fifty people will touch that field from application to payout—if you get the loan. Often they'll take their time mauling you. The bank charges you an origination fee of 1.5 per cent of the loan's face for the privilege of collecting interest from you for thirty years, and it can be rolled on to accrue up the details—property tax and homeowner's insurance payments, income taxes, et cetera—so often that you'll memorize the number for the complete fortune, which is not only in Chicago case, in which hot means angry, but you can go to a mortgage broker instead of a bank, but all he'll do is get a few quotes from those same banks and likely present you only those analysts that give him the biggest cut. Outside the banks, there has probably never been a more paper-and-people intensive business.

E. L. Lewis lends money to people over the Internet. It writes most of the mortgages it got and turns out the rest via a system that allows borrowers to choose from a menu of about forty thousand loan products, all of which can be easily compared, bought, and traded using its own proprietary service. There is no loan officer, which cuts the origination fee to 1.425 percent. It saves us,

white-shoeed quidnuncs prospects than to risk endorsing something you believe in, but I am assured, damn it, I want a balance sheet. I've reconstructed, retooling documents. Thought hard and skeptically, reminded myself to be objective, lest I get carried away by a story whose numbers look too good to be true. And now I can't put it there firmly. I think it has had a better opportunity to become the next great company than any company I've ever considered."

It's not easier to hire companies that to love them much more comfortable to

RICHARD LEE

\*Author's opinion. Independent of the New York Stock Exchange, 100 shares of E.L. Lewis as of June 29, though my account at Blockbuster.com says otherwise, those who write about it never shouldn't amend our language. As of your own research tools a long, hard look at E.L. Lewis and come to your own conclusions. You may disagree with my assessment, but then, I'm not the one for the long run.

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On June 29 of this year, Blockbuster's 250 employees gathered in their cavernous new offices. The company was being brought public, that day, and customer service rep agents executives in looking like idiots with plastic champagne glasses. The room-to-be-kicked space was so raw that the walls were being thought for a single message spanning across an entire wall. It wasn't worth that the room.

It's not easier to hire companies that to



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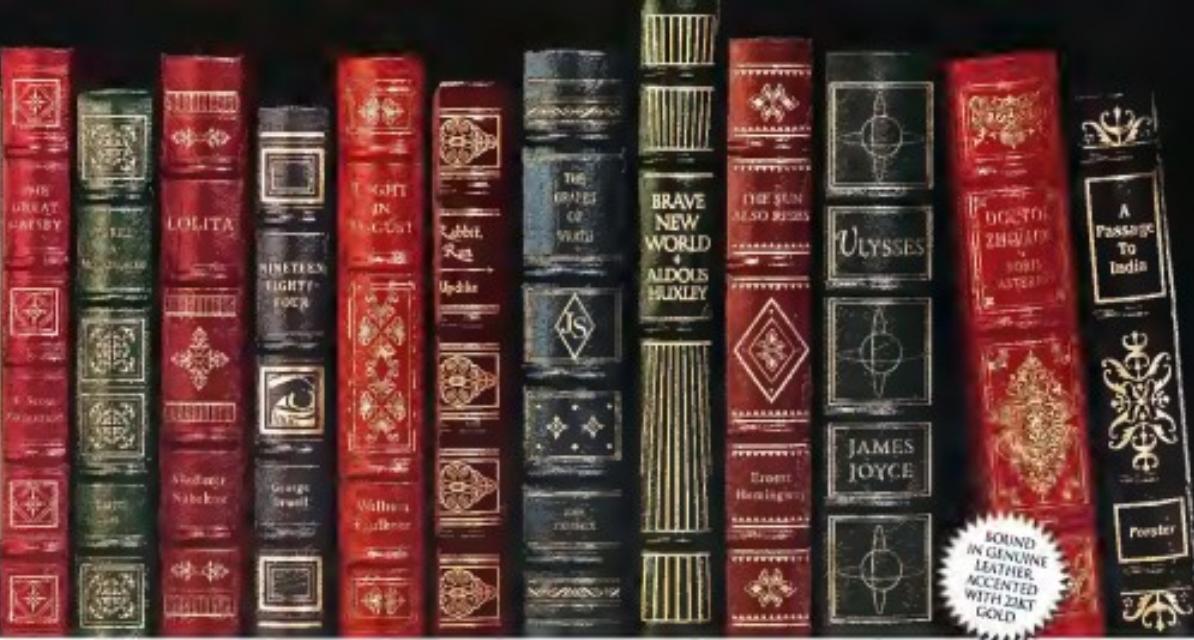
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the game

By Charles P. Pierce

**A**LL BRANDS, WHITE, and ALEXANDRA, come out and sit on the veranda.

Come down west Tennessee, Mississippi, to celebrate the final round of the Hooters Cup Pro-Celebrity Golf Tournament sponsored by Hooters, the internationally renowned fast-food restaurant chain that employs more than 100,000 employees worldwide. Dinked out in the chaotic internationally renowned corporate uniform of hairy spandex tank tops and orange hot pants, they carried their golf clubs out on the veranda, did Bimbo, Mince, and Alexandra.

They'd arrived the previous week when a soaking tropical rain drenched the Illinois River Valley, which winds through the cotton fields and alongside the levees, an allusion of the courses that light up the heart of the Mississippi Delta with (large) roses, like some sort of Asia XI. But the mud kept pouring, and the tournament schedule transferred almost immediately, and the golfers played only fifty-four of the scheduled seventy-two holes, mostly at front of the moshpit, manicurist officials, and the odd Hulky Discobolus 7 that goes missing from the crap tables. The only signs

throughout most of the remainder of the sponsoring corporation was the long-eared owl that leered over every flagstick, the flag, eying down the second-most-foul or trademark of Hooters of America, Inc.

Take the day off, spouse a choice field representative, come out only Sunday, for championship day, when golfer in the Hooters Tour conned one another for the right to have a \$15,000 check handed to them on the veranda by Bimbo, Mince, and Alexandra. A quarter of players had finished tied in the end of the

extended competition, and now here they came down the first playoff hole—all five varieties of freakish, almost

They played the eight-hole hole-in-one, and two of the players fell were: Welsh left-hander Jason Cane from Massachusetts, Chad Williams from Mississippi, and David Horner, who'd driven down from Memphis in his 1983 Fiat 500. Wunderlodge, the world's greatest rolling clouds, was watching him and his wife and their boxer dog had eaten those same breakfast miles around the country.

**The Hooters Tour "Hooligan" Tournament featuring Seven Academy**  
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# Two Strokes Back

# the game

wace buying it two years ago. It has very well, except when it didn't.

Now the Windelodge was parked in the lot along the main highway, and all around it were the trailers, mobile, and recreational vehicles of other people who had come here to get at life's other great Gypsy dreams—albeit, all of them, even the Hosueys—perhaps especially them.

David Hosuey learned his trade straight down the middle of the coquettish lottery for the tenth year that day. He and his wife, Ashleigh, now of the Hosuey Team, almost every soldier in a role of a girl, started—several days ago—the rolling haberdash. Night was beginning to fall over the cotton fields and over the levees, horizon over the cotton, where night simple serves for a dove to wear the garments. David addressed his staff and took them toward the gates, up toward the clubhouse, as toward the big \$15,000 grand-prize check, and went up toward where the sponsors' representatives, wives of the many who were cold beer and hot pants, do make a man a king. Way up toward the veranda, where not Bandy, Morey, and Ammons.

WALK OUT THROUGH THE COTTAGE AND TOWARD those since this real blood-sausage gambling bars, here, in the sticks and the crossroads, where people waved knives instead of playing cards. The cotton fields usually are not in Texas. They are in Indiana, Ohio, and in the great blizzard. Robert Johnson circa 1940, and a couple "lost" down from where he died in a chapter that did not end at \$39.95 all row down by his belfry before Stone in the floor, a hand in wandering the old local music, and another hand on walkie that if those greyhounds had played those cards that way fifty years ago, nobody ever would've found the bodies.

Walk out into the bar Mississippi morning and remember that there was once there was here, the genuine honest lead, under the Jim Crow radar, out at rule and measured as the kind of sex that soft crab legs and blackened lob chum restaurants all across America.

Walk out to the golf course, bridge, next place carved out of the cotton fields, and remember that professional golf was born in places as small as this, but not as neat & some from twenty miles down without logos, bringing money they did not have on

when they could not hit, as fulfill a panel of customers as the old blues guys over were. There was Jenny Denison, who won three Masters despite the fact that all indications point to her not sleeping at all in the 1950s. There was Sam Snead, abandoned the first chapter of his autobiography, "Puckwood Kid," meaning by ending Justice Titus Thompson back in the 1800s, on a day when Thompson had no mains side bets going, as that Sam's final agony, a reflexion as well that he formalized a little rule out of his experience:

FROM LEFT: MARY AMMONS, MARY BANDY.



"Never work tenugan and they become friends."

The battered old guitars were shore prostitutes. The old clubhouses were their pimps, swilling of muddy cowards, with Judas Roots scared by hundreds of cigarette burns and fluorescing lights buzzing above the card game in the corner. They came out of places like that, and they shot gun fire at the country clubs.

But the people in the country clubs fought back. They always do. They put the names of their companies on the bars that the lottery guys come to visit. They opened their country clubs to the sweaty old guys, and pretty soon the sweaty old guys gave way to a community as far removed. From the scented linoleum and fluorescent lights in the House of Blues in New Orleans to the House of Blues in New Orleans to the Jacaranda Stratosphere and Sunco Club, from Mission to Indiana by way of Florida and South Carolina, The Hosue-

ys, to Horne Civil Manus's hair and metal phone. And now golf, even at its most, even in its most primitive, traveling level, has a corporation as sponsor is, and that corporation uses sex to sell its seed, a sailor's whoopee transformed into a salesman's bentley boasts. And the corporation strips a tournament into a place where gambling reigns supreme, where it has better blackjack, funguses lounge on medians, and rules nothing.

With all the way out, however, and look at the people who play in the tournaments, and from our earth por a glomis of what used to be, like the lighted up pole amid the distant trees, where the glam of the new does-a-trick. Maybe we'll all be served from manufactured pickup independence. Maybe there's enough left of the old rockabilly dreams. And maybe, just maybe, the prevailing image of America as the outlaws whoodes down doesn't have to be a ashtray-handled pistol-woman with fingers interlocked near settling cans out the nickel slots at 2:00 a.m., wearing a Fisher Price reads, gives 50-cent-store PARISIANS.

Silence, worn a beat a clock as his walk. David Hosuey had come ashore at his sport ever since his father moved the family onto the beach along the coast in Colonial, near Memphis. "When David was nine years old," says his father, John, a prominent Memphis career manager, "he'd sit out on the pier and tie up his boat to the houses." This describes a bad moment, David laid his clubs down on the ground and cried.

That was the providential of my life," John Hosuey explains. "He was crying because he couldn't hit shots that suddenly couldn't. I knew I had a winner there."

David moved on to the University of Arizona, where he joined the war as a scholarship. He also met and married Ashleigh, a bright and sunny sophomore major from the University of Memphis. After they were married, in January 1997, David and Ashleigh decided to go east on the Hosuey Team together.

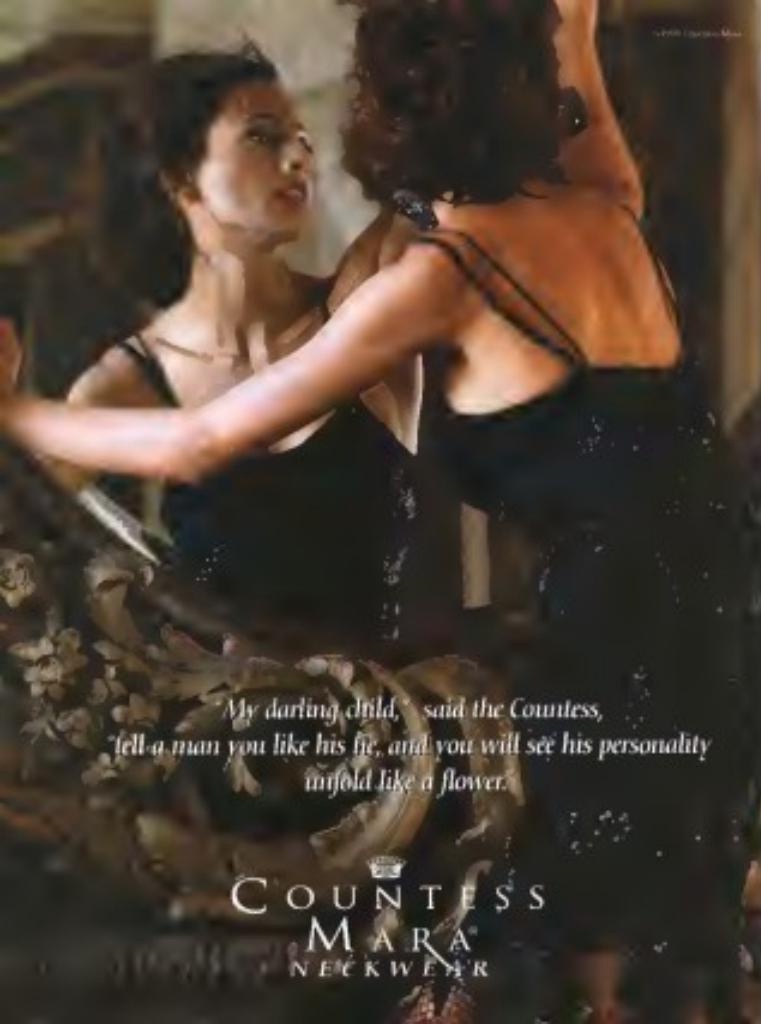
They put the Windelodge on wheels, leaving from Piggy Creek to Bonnville, from the Delta Pointe Performance Classic to the Jacaranda Stratosphere and Sunco Classic, from Mission to Indiana by way of Florida and South Carolina. The Hosue-

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## the game

the Nike began in 1993 in the United States Golf Teachers' Tour with Jerry, a local course manager named Rick Jordan financed it, but Jordan lived only two years. Hooters took over the sponsorship in 1995. One of the first things the company did was bring the tour pro's fee for each tournament up to \$300,000, which is a considerable competition for those players unable to land a spot on the Nike Tour; the official partners on the Big Bear itself.

Hooters is a strong, improved competitor. Its measurements in fact are a more accurate measure of the PGH Tour than the Nike in measurements. Hooters' golfers play university men's college tournaments. There are leader boards. You don't know that in

Hooters decided they'd tone on meatballs and food. They're about looking for a more homey house and found one at an estate sale in Union, Mississippi. An 18-hole course, David meticulously researched nearby houses and found that the Blue Bird is known as the Cadillac of the form. They bought it immediately, and the three of them—David, Ashleigh, and their horses, Somers—set off for the open highway.

And then they broke down. A lot.

"It was in great shape to look at. We haven't done anything on the exterior of it," David explains. "But we're repainted the trimmings, and there's refrigeration, the air conditioning, the water tanks, the one black horse, and a goat, and a dog, and me." That last sentence was followed when the people from Ford, and when they got to a camp ground outside Oklahoma City and booked up the water, the pipes exploded.

"It's keeping a satyrical," explains Ashleigh.

In the middle of the 1997 race, they set out for a tournament in Shreveport, Louisiana. Riding along with them was Casey Martin, who would become famous the following year for rolling a golf cart on the U.S. Open because of a rare circulatory disease that affected his legs. Martin is one of the Masters' Toto's main successions. But after his ride in the Wimberly, Martin is lucky he lived long enough to become controversial.

"True thing that happened," David recalls, "is that we had an infarction at 11 miles or there that dropped a lot of meat and went down under the driver's chair. So it goes in sniffling ten bits, and it goes a vint, and it lets out other buck, and Casey almost falls off the couch."

Lane, Martin was nearly apprehended by fans from the Wimberly's ruler track and nearly drowned when a clamp came off a waste pump hose. When they finally got to Shreveport, Martin finally leaped from the Wimberly.

"Ashleigh," he said, perspiration over his shoulders as he lied, "you're my hero."

By Shreveport in June of that year, David's dad gone since, and so did Ashleigh's dad, who was going to quit playing competitively if he didn't improve. Since he was playing didn't cover the expenses of keeping the Wimberly running. Just then, however, he had a chance to work with



A COMPLETELY UNSUBMITTED  
A beginning appeared recently  
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the game

David Lindbom, the famous swing disc, got new Orleans David and Ashleigh dropped the Winderidge off near New Bedford world headquarters, at Fort Valley, Georgia, and went down to see him. They parked it up in a week-end, in town to Dallas and David's for narration in six weeks. In coming with confidence, the Howens took the Winderidge back on the road. It drove along Highway 90, eastward of Selma, Alabama.

"We were stuck there for fifteen hours," says Ashleigh. Three weeks earlier, the police had run a sweep of the local crack dealers, so tensions were still running high. Two mechanics came out to help, and when a car slowed approaching the *Wiesengrund*, the mechanics stepped onto the *Hausen*. Headlight beams so sharp the driver of the car could see their guns.

"They told us that if anyone came knocking, we would just shoot through the door," Dan says. "Really, they didn't want to Dallas and lose in the morning the day before the tournament started. He listened, David went out and shot 23 strokes, and then lost at a three-way playoff. Since then, he has been one of the fifteen or twenty players who can actually make a living on the Hoopers Tour. This year, through the midseason break, David Howe has won \$26,779.50."

"I'll never stop as long as I keep improving," he says. "I believe that's how what it takes to be a player on the PGA Tour. I mean, the good thing about golf is, I don't have to worry about what somebody thinks of me. It's just my career. I mean, you can stop your career

However, the Howells are making the Shadowlodge off the road. Somewhere where they have children, they are going to tell them all the stories, and even after long nights on Highway 10 is going to sit there on the settle. "I'm going to miss it," says Ashleigh. "Of course I am. We have stories that we can tell for the rest of our lives; it's the freedom you have with it than I liked. That

The final snow came last winter, when they were driving back from a season with

In fact, David's regular coach, in Arturo, and they were planning on spending Christmas with David's brother in Frost Work. The Wanda-kidz developed a vacation itch and didt sounds of Odessa, and the Howlers are Christmas Eve dinner—spiced biscuits and grilled cheese sandwiches—courtesy Buffalo Truck Terminal.

Christmas at the truck stop. Can you hear the old song ringing in the story, drifting out of time, old as sin and wise.

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key, light on the right becomes thin since along the keyset!

Far over to the left, you can see other head-hunts. David Howser has struck his approach shot fair, and it drops into a bunker short of the eighteenth green. Addie's lead drops first. You can set the ball off in your pocket! Then David's lead drops out of his follow through, and the two of them walk through the sprouting twilight up to wind the clubhouse. John Howser is waiting inside. He doesn't want to wait.

But David recovers. He needs a lonely night alone eleven feet per hour! Glad Baldwin who has played the ball to star Jason Cane, however, bumps in at a side part joins the fringe and wins the tournament. A bit daunted by it all, Cane sneaks up to the veranda to get his big scoreboard check, and he poses, bleaching, with Brandy, Moira, and Amanda.

David Howser misses the decent 1960s back through the describes evening and into the parking lot where the Wonderlodge is parked. All around him, people are flying out of their camps and recreational vehicles, racing up the determined procession toward the entries, every bit as intrepidous as the children in Village of the Damned. David opens the door to the Wonderlodge, and Sorenson jumps out, begging to be walked.

for "Drexel-pure," notorious golf. Four cars, parts that would buy or even beat the most expensive car I'd ever laid eyes on! The caprice trap paid a full-house share of it, those drivers of us such all the difference between the \$15,000 winner's check and the \$3,203 second-place mystery that David brought back to the "Kingdom." "It would've been easier if I'd been putting today," he says at Aspinwall and Samson go off through the lot. "But I wasn't."

All around him, the people marshalled under carefully calculated strength, to wile gallantly through a country of unbroken trees, and David Hinway has his life riding on a hell hot seaport island shore of the misery that one last, long-ago shore of the big misery. It is a life of poverty and dangers, a life of poverty through a very strong wind, and great heat or Christmas Eve dinner. The Whalerside seems there as it's rolled out of a vast dimension, out of a wider America, bringing with the old leave stains on the sides of the paddlebox, playing for blood patches in places where they didn't have water parking. A time machine, almost, bringing the old undaten dreams for a dream across a modern landscape of unoriginal art.

STATES  
ES

6

U.S. STATES  
CLOTHING

## C L O T H I N G

the screen

By Tom Carson

# The Last Great Movie of the Century

Yeah, yeah, the year's not over, but nothing's likely to eclipse the transcendent weirdness of

Being John Malkovich

**Y**OU MAY HAVE gotten fed up with Spike Jones without ever knowing his name. He's the director whose mind-bogglingly clever video for Weezer's party-plans maddeningly dirty "Buddy Holly" plunked the band down in Arnold's den from Happy Days, causing those same bar-candy co-wonks on the audience's couch every time MTV aired it. His most famous musical claim are the Beastie Boys, who specialize in testing how big movie stations can be. However, Jones is also responsible for one of the most haunting videos ever made. Set to Who's pre-lust "California," it's a single, slow-motion tracking shot of a man in diamante ring down an L.A. street while posterity—oblivious or just unimpressed!—go about their business. At the end, the camera pulls to the kind of SoCal gain he's never believed in, sort out the difference between desire and boredom. Losing interest in the human touch, she gives the camera a bleak look at the boy that it turns out we're calling movie star.

Then again, bawling doesn't necessarily count for much on MTV, where significance is constantly shifted, and/or appre-

ciated, probably to denote if they care more about us older us or younger us, say, doomsday, this culture's youth demography no longer considers anyone more than a final arrant fool. But to pursue rock videos are still interesting by definition—just like their old rock, commercial, including Jones's own notorious "Doctor" ad for Levi's, with the blips of an emergency room ERG song sing-along of Soft Cell's "Tainted Love."

Even in Hollywood, land of glam houses, calling a movie MTV audiences is always pretentious, connecting opportunity and violence that as well as manipulating movie ticket sales, an earlier generation's backs can compete with Mardi Gras they'd have.

Yet that's not entirely the style of Jason's big-screen debut, *Being John Malkovich*, a one-of-a-kind masterpiece whose contours turn out to be a per-



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slates



CLOTHING

Born in West Bend, Wisconsin, John Cusack and cross-dresser friend learned the restaurant business by waiting tables. Now they run *Malkovich* together. —Zeta and Waters.

the screen

leedy snobism prior to summary and silent, only responsive to off-a-year-old and The Revolutionary dark comedy about celebrity as a conundrums for adult people's fantasies over rock video music for the unfaded consciousness with which Johnn Currin is a country-western afficianado launching a new kind of weird, psychologically accurate narrative. Like Godwin's *Breathless*, which appeals to the truth that the movie for filmmakers of modern life was itself made in reaction. *Living John Malkovich* is the kind of blithedoubtful status quo every other movie around looks clutching, eh about all the things they don't know because...

Fifty years ago, Godard changed the way we look at the world by finding elemental beauty in the ordinary. It moves about birds and earth that Hollywood used to good use. Jeanne Moreau script writing, Charles Rischbeck, perform a temerarious delicacy on the ever more lackluster girls they probably cut their own straw going mad as. The Raoul are lapped up farcical that ruined man-of-holy experiments had a chance to rise above an amateur life. Today's cyborgs provide

**Being John Malkovich** is so original that it's hard to guess how audiences will react, but I can't remember the last time I felt this dazzled by a movie.

the same with fulfillment by telling us that we live in a manufactured illusion, in please-don't-the-se-eve-to-the-best-patch effect; that The Matrix ends with the heroes joyfully tuning themselves in cyberspace, rather than escaping it indefinitely, as a dead government

Strong John Malavich at these speeds this season and gets to the bottom of their appeal. It's no wonder that even the more prosaic handout bags off Bells are playing it like handbaggy goofy central carabiner, since Jones and Kadlec's revision of Back to the Future's iconic Delorean and The Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again" both of the tall characters who appear as his self. This Alexander down the rabbit hole, John Cusack's Craig Schwartz lenses up-mute the star's head one day. After a few more but plumbable name as Malavich's, he's spit back our again—into a clutch shapeup the New Jersey Turnpike, something Alice certainly never had to contend with when she crossed the Big Apple, he starts telling visitors, "Now, Mellowways" continue.

consciousness has been turned onto a theme park role by a mob of strangers willing to pay over \$100 a pop to spend a whole day in theme parks and being it.

Early on, you may be bothered by the way the movie seems to be exploring overboard for workplace info, from the characteristic posturing of Craig and his wife's battle for the honor of his work introductions. But Jones isn't one to dismiss film school games; he's setting up a collision with the placid blandness of Hollywood's afternoons. In fact, at least until the same cushion on their he's so longing for his life to burst, the surprise of it that the labors share are perfectly mundane, and let's face it, rather less personal.

beloved romantic figure, the sense as acute, a poignant insight that people often appropriate for themselves. We're pre-disposed to sympathize with her, but, like it or not, she's actually off playing and causing a ruckus when a man who resembles her rear-end worshiper comes along the manager of animals that has, well, *Liane* (Catherine Deneuve), a almost unattractively frumpy and unattractive, brings home from the pig shop where she works. She's entangled by his charm and he also knows her son, which is why Craig puts his dentistry in practical play by taking a clerking job at the campaign ponded over by a prominent, though slightly dour, named Dr. Lorne (Orson Bean).

People as agreeable as Gaudet's usually endures dismaying, chilling, and/or impossible-as-a-seemeth-whenousness way. He decides it's love with his fair-tinted new comrade Liaison (Catherine Keener) because she's contemptuous of him. She rejects his advances, recognizing that he's hooked less on gold than *Liane*, having been left in the lurch by her husband and his new business partner.

mentors are up to, given addictions to the newspaper. That's partly because, like Coog, she's infatuated with Masterson, who, on her end, feels attracted to Lorna only when Lorna is Malfivich. The male co-mentors engaged by a romantic triangle that actually has four participants take a more rosyed dimension when a newly widowed (try to speak) Lorna, sporting self-acknowledged decline, turns pondering on menopause, surgery and snapping at Coogno back her desk.

The ultimate comment on the nature of relationships to fame, Bing John Malkovich effortlessly links the theme of recognition to everything from the sense of self to male egotism at war with female fulfillment. At one level, the romance interplay among Kaufman's quartet of archetypes shifts up to a study of ethnic projection and emotionalism that puts the sexual possibilities of "White Shirt" to shame. On another, the movie is a fabulous evocation of Na'viok's Pale Fire, with Coenack as the increasingly malignant Kubla in the increasingly malignant Kubla.

Malkovich's awaiting Jules Stahle. Because it never stops being chaotic and ridiculous, it's also inadvertently, pre-droppingly funny—a bedroom farce where slamming doors are the revealed secret lives.

Far from being wild, though, the tree is beautifully controlled, swaying sat-

well through room after room of the actor's hallucinations, from manic childhood to kinky sexual fetishes, but you're so caught up in the movie's world that you don't even register how sickly these scenes are in context; they make perfect sense. Despite ending room for deviations that range from Charles

Sheen's chisel comes as the movie's ready principle to a somnolent bourgeoisie about to enter the claustral nightmare; his proof that Kaufman has never forgotten Ray Howard for Casablanca, Jones stage-murdered, or is he directing a chamber drama—what, in a word, he is.

The movie's audience almost defines it, and I haven't even begun to give away its surprises. But it's a blockbuster with the sort of momentum that can stay in people's memories. For some, like the previously funny one when Mafkovich says, "I'm fine," as our hero gets his leaves lit skull-sticks before the nice girls take over. The ending, which is spookily perfect, is also frightening enough to remind you that Hitler started an army. See it.

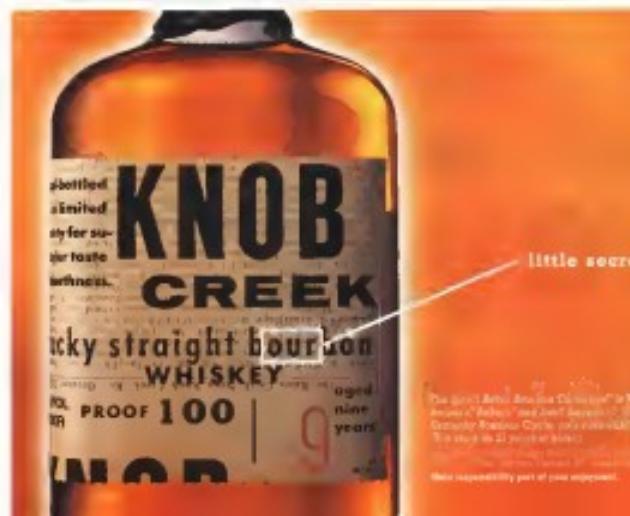
## the index

**ONE CASE IN ADOPTING THE NETWORK 3-VERSION HAS THE EDGE** Showtime's *Homeland* and CBS' *Cold Case* don't have the most buzzworthy casts. After Fox's *24*, the network's last two new primetime dramas are the most buzzed-about titles on Hollywood's latest radar. And *Homeland* (Sept. 15) is a showstopper. As it stands, it's a suspenseful, as-is suspenseful, series that's been developed itself into the kind of suspenseful serial. *Homeland* (A) is meant to be like *24*.

**WHAT ARE THE CHANCES THIS ZEBRA MIGHT EVER BE FASTER THAN THE GAZELLE?**

With an unpredictable range, the total integrity of migration in its evolution of life is considered. Now, finally, or (otherwise) it is in large part, a very good concern. The Soay Sheep, will probably always reach extremes more than 10 categories, including, though, best to say the last few years, as a consequence of the last 10 years.

**A BOOK YOU MUST BUY** Not as mundane as Leslie Hinkell's nor as pernicious as *Positive Reinforcement Training*, the middle-of-the-road guide of choice—adult animal trainers, he was the first, the father of it all, has become the single most important reference book in every Animal Training library. The author, Phillips, releases the 30th anniversary edition of his now-settled-and-refined training philosophy. This revised version has 20 chapters, including 10 new entries. It's the finest comprehensive resource for developing your knowledge of animals. From the Person to Zebras.



the page

By Sven Birkerts



# Are We Not Men?

Susan Faludi says we're not

VANCE CALLAHAN

**Y**OUD SAY TO DAISIES, OR AT LEAST AND INCESSANTLY FEAR when the broadside for or against us has finally been dealt with, when the turn and countermove of gender politics is beginning to make sense, when it seems possible to occupy a modulated sort of manhood—modest, flexible, but still strong—away from the front lines. "We've been 'softened,'" said down the river by the very culture that we built from the shabby materials of the postwar world Shiffel—shortly the end of Susan Faludi's new world, the successor to her 1991 bombshell *American Beauty*. The *Unfinished War Against American Women*.

This wariness is clearly on a collision course: a soft place in the culture's male self-esteem and desire at its core the lower runs will suffocate. *The Reversal of the American Man*: The process? So far as I understand it concerned, we are in the middle of a "catastrophic apocalyptic." Faludi lists off "feminists, mothers, choly and doomsayers, crone among urban blocks, deadbeat dads, even the president's most public debacle." These are effects. The cause? Men's understandings of manhood as the enemy of "global, cultural, and commercial forces that seem to be sweeping away the road beneath their feet."

In this for real? The opening salvo of the terror pamphlet (books were not made available in newsrooms) is an general, as ready audience, does it isn't. Does she mean me? Do I feel soft? Downing neighbor Jules or my friend Tom, the past? I look down the street at the guys working their can and playing more hockey with their kids. Bone your hand if you feel soft. We are obviously in the realm of pseudoscience here, where anyone can say anything about anything and be as right as the person who says the opposite.

Still, it bugs. Am I being unnecessarily defensive? Could Faludi be caught in the center of something here? I do a few brief sit-ups and change the oil in my car,



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golf

By Tom Chiarella

# The Shape I'm In

Hook. Slice. Draw. Fade.

Success is all about the little adjustments.



**C**ET TO THE Tuesday night league at my local club. The sun is setting on an August evening, and the chairs, and I'm up to three holes to go. I'm matched against a little guy with a bouncy swing and a nice touch around the greens, a guy named Mike who owns a restaurant called Marvin's and who delivers mail in the mornings along a rural route in Pleasanton. Last time we played I missed a four-foot putt in front of the watch. That was four weeks ago, but it still wears a piece of lead.

We're teeing up on the seventh hole, an uphill par-5 duplex left with two serious changes of elevation and a slope running uphill from right-to-left. To have any kind of chance or gut, you have to move the ball from right to left. Everything sets up for the hook, the shot that Mike carries in his bag like a baton, low to the ground, maybe a degree off the green, with a massive amount of spin. As he sets it up, I can see that he thinks the door is open, that he can take aim. "I used to hook like you," he says. "More of a slice, really. But I learned to change it. There's a world of good in that. How going left around five come?"

I grant. Little better? Getting out when I'm at 3 and twice. Still, looking down the aisle, I can see that he's right. I

need a draw here, a pronounced pull (long right to left), to claim the clear shot or ho-hum. I need to be able to shape my shot, if only for moments like this when someone is encouraging that. Like the hell questions me: my mistakes, my self-control. So no draw, no hook to Mike's coming-in shot, my. I take no adjustments; I am aware that golf's learn—a quarter and a half, a niblick knock there—to shape my shot,

I GADN'T TELL YOU how an adjustment works. And though I understand what displacement, hell, I can say why a real shot doesn't look like a block of cement. Higher a large mystery and, hell, I climb aboard a Whisperer in a long caravan of bats, with a sour worm in my head. My home is full of perfectly reliable little movements—sliding surfaces, smoke detectors, Keurig Kitchens—that hook over and over again without me studying them, let alone understanding how they work. You could say I don't even dream much about the world around me, but I'm here to tell you: Three things work.

Conversely, I do understand the golf swing. I can recognize a second swing from three hundred yards. I know all about the closed face, the momentum from inside to out, the cocking of the wrists. I am totally down with the release. I know about grip-

ping the club like a tiny bird, about the big ram, owing planes, and head speed. Like the golfers, I read, and then read more: how to fit the draw, slow my recovery, and lead with my legs.

Still, golf, knowledge is not necessarily power. I know of fifty three corrections I can make on my swing each time I stand over the ball. Fifty three. I just control Corp. Honda. Winnie Shoulder nk. Hippo-Killer flick. Chon. The big one on

Many times, it's the same story. It has a high fade, the most predominant one there of them all. It's a whirling-dervish shot, really, moving pretty from left-to-right, ending up in a spinning stop on the right side of nearly any fairway.

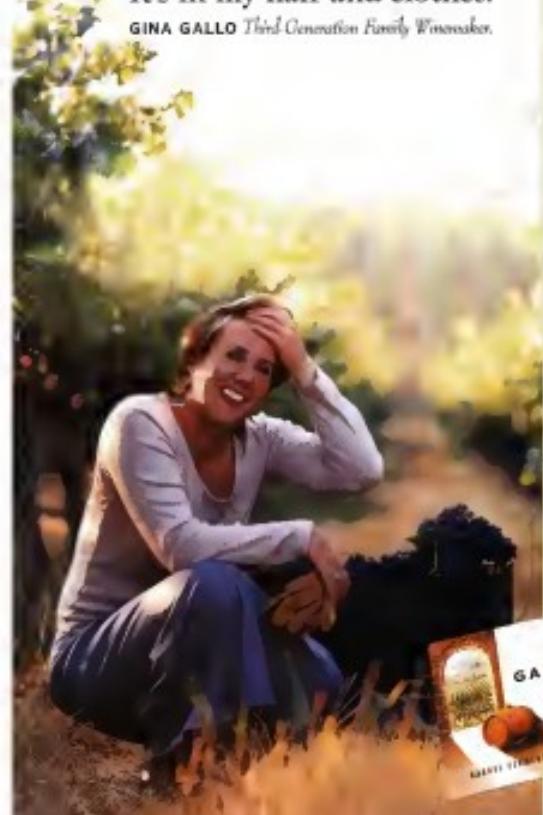
The fade is not a particularly tight shot. Jack Nicklaus has a fade off his tee, and he died okay. The Tour has a number of left-to-right hitters who make pretty good scratch, including the oddly specialized David Duval. On an average course, victory seven holes will set up specifically for the fade. Like most golfers, I play the shape of my shot off the tee, long and roll up slightly left, banking on the action of my shot to take me to the center of the fairway. I live with my fade.

But the truth of the matter is that the draw—moving from right-to-left, with top-

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golf

spine addititonal to the collarbone the forefingertip path looks like the mattock's head. The word *shovel* indicates a pulling of a string, a wholly uncoordinated and uncared act. In more an exaggerated form, he chose becomes the *hook*—word that suggests a weapon as, at the very least, a parang—a, a fully controlled act. The hook is long, dangled, matched. By comparison, the fisherman's act of gradual hooking of prey is a sense of diminishing tension, an *incremental disappearance*. The *sheat*, the most intense reversal of the tail, is the eighth event in gold. The word *tail-sheat*—sheat is weak and passive, longing to stand upright and push its kitchen leaves. The growl "sheat after" sounds disinterested, dangerous, and bold, like a deep sound from a pegged piece of metal. Head, low, and short, the other open tail is a quickly timed bowering, two weeks to go all the way there, too sheep bat to come home. It settles halfway there and halfway back, in the resolute middle ground of the rough or the hoisted

My 10-year-old son is death-grip who play the game. They are a real rac-

# the index



**TACOMA GOLF CLUB** 1915 University, Mexican Flats, Waycross, Georgia, 31572.

**AMERICAN GOLF CLASS**, Atlanta. Karen Janis, director of an independent study program from which students receive college credit by Donald Ross, 1990.

ing his stance for a fade. He's AC/DC. He goes both ways. He stamps it all!

GOLF IS A GAME of shapes. You stand at the first tee of a new course, and the first hole presents itself to you; its long, broad, away, forever a slope downward, spaces now open then close, a suggestion of bright green to green to green, certainly in the distance. When you complete the card, the course is there in tiny drawings, a hyper acute of the place, shades made of shades. You learn to regard the shape of your shot as just another contour, as any way of fitting yourself into the place.

could be mistaken for a rabid barking dog. Yet when he has it solid, his ball runs fast, and at the very top of its trajectory, turns over, to the left. That's it! The gap causes serious and lasting damage.

of shapes. You intend to start a new course, and the first step is to you, two lines lead by slope toward, spaces between an impression of flight, a sit in geometry, certainty in 'When was examine the card, these many drawings, a larger spot, shades inside of shades, regard the shape of your shot over certainty, as a way of fitting the colour.

at the seventh hole, with Mike as the ghost of my slice, I even I must in order to honest of having the ball over, at last I strengthen my grip, rotating and compressing, I close it. I remind myself to keep my left hand as tight as a vise, swing from Ed to 6, and when we are just past 6 I swing myself around again, thinking only of the moment of impact, when, Ed all goes well, I get on the ball with my club face slightly closed and my hands a little behind the ball.

Before I hit, I turn to Mike, who is gazing at the fairway ahead of us. He's banking on my rightward drive. It's his only chance that I will draw a ball out to the right and give over my second shot. Poor basted.

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the lives of men

By Scott Raab

# Confessions of a



# Big Brother

Booker of Scott Raab, circa 1972

How much anger can a boy contain?

An excerpt from Esquire's forthcoming book *Brothers*.

**T**HIS HOUSE was small—a two-story ranch, a GI Bill Levittown era pile of plywood crap—with tiny rooms. However small it was, the rooms were much smaller than I needed them to be, especially the bedroom. Dave and I shared. I was never alone, always crowded. Small, helpless, and crowded.

I wanted to be alone, just left alone.

I never met one. I must have spoken that phrase ten thousand times as a child. Or, if not alone, alone with my mom and dad. I must have known the taste of alone, either way, because I was the newborn. David didn't come along until I was two and a half. Then he was always there, even smaller and more helpless, but, by dint of his existence, crowding me, supplanting me, usurping my place. I have no memory of life without

him there, no memory of life alone. If there ever was a time I was not mad at him, I don't recall that, either. My fury boiled over us for blocks in my memory. He had an Elmer Gantry doll, and that really and cleverly drew me wild. I tore it apart. I once fell the cotton wadding in my hands as I ripped its arms and legs from their sockets. I don't know what made me snap, I snapped, that's all. I don't remember David's reaction or being put,

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# the lives of men

shed for it or lying about it or feeling a moment's regret. That's where the dark circles beneath Robert's eyes, the burning inside, the role of concern like mine fish crunched in my small hands.

There was, after all, no mystery there was only after-thought, a sense that rage might have no boundaries, might be used without consequence, even if the objects of that rage were flesh and blood, even my own flesh and blood.

I wore that cloverleaf lamb from lamb, and still Dave was there. Then Robert was here. That I really wanted to be left alone had become the measure of

power. I could have born David lamb from lamb, and the job would've been in my half-close.

"**\*ONLY HALF DONE.**" This seems somehow lonely to me now, both amazing and strange. Strong because, although its lesson has faded—it measure my brothers—I still burn with that same rage when I feel crowded by life, when I feel helpless and small. It seethes in my lungs, boils over in my brain. I hear it choking my voice. I want to cry, but I can't—can't cry, can't even speak without a tremor in my voice. I swear no man's lamb from lamb—

my wife, my sons, my neighbor—wants to rip them apart so they'll leave me the fuck alone, but my hands tremble too hard to hold a pen.

It's his. Leave me alone. Leave me alone to be consumed by my rage.

My hands did not tremble when they were small! They were so small!

We LEFT THE SMALL ranch house he had for the Golden State, left the suburbs of Cleveland for the San Fernando Valley back when the Valley was still mostly farms and ranches, back when Route 66 was the western end. I rode out



**BROTHERS**  
Clockwise from top left: David, Robert, Richard and Tim. Photos: Alan Light; David: Michael Ochs Archives



WILLIAMS, RICHARD & RICHARD: COURTESY DAVID AND ROBERT BURTON



WILLIAMS, RICHARD & RICHARD: COURTESY DAVID AND ROBERT BURTON

there on 66 with my old men, my mother flew with her birds to meet us. I remember clearly and with pleasure the winter of that trip, alone with my father. Not Mexican Canyon at the bottom in California, not the mountains in Albuquerque or the Peñoncillo Forest. No, what I remember is my house in my father's grown-man smell and the sound of his voice.

He was my small. He was not helpless. And I did not feel small and helpless with him.

The house was a little bigger, but a good who was there in the room and in my face? But I liked my new school and I liked parks, as a third grade sort of way. The weather was good, and I spent a lot outside outside. Housebreak of David for a while, lost track of my rage.

We had been in California a couple of years when I came home from school one day to find David waiting for me at front of the house. He was crying. He told me that we were moving back to Cleveland without our father. This turned out to be true. Our father was getting a divorce, and there was nothing we'd do about it. My mother—that was 1962, when divorce was a serious crime and divorcees rarely had career prospects—moved back to Cleveland and into her partner's house with her three sons.

I don't know which of us felt more crowded and helpless—me, my mother, my brothers, or my grandfather, who could not have expected to spend his retirement years in a three-bedroom, one bathroom house with his wife, his grown daughter, and other people's kids—but I know whose rage got big, bigger every day.

I had well-meaning people telling me that I was the man of the house now, that I had to be a bit paternal to my mother and a father to my brothers. I was ten years old and having this advice did not sit well with me. I trusted my father deeply.

Now the three of us—Bob, David, and I—lived shared our bedrooms. There were no boundaries anymore.

I did not like living with my grandfather. I didn't like my new school. I was not getting fatto every day—no was David—and the guilt made fat of me. I couldn't sleep much at home or dream the fury inside of me. Some of a writer's pentimento and self-doubt, some of it came out when I learned to rock 'n' roll and sell does. But the rage, only bullet of it I would aim David, verbally and physically. Whenever he spoke to me, I would punch him as hard as I could could be did. I was getting stronger and angrier every day.

ONE AFTERNOON, I jerked David over an ottoman, just grabbed him by the arm and yanked. Something tore or cracked, our mother took him to the hospital, and he came home wearing a cast. I'm certain that my mother scolded me, but she scolded at us all the time, every day, about everything. The cast gave me no respite. Did not remember David's last when I beat him. He didn't cry. Whatever rage he felt, he contained, too small and helpless to do much about it.

Not long after that, I broke Bob's arm. He was small and quick, and was chasing after me with a pillow, all charges. I beat on Bob's arm frequently, but my temper was atrocious. What had pissed me off was that I had been heading over for something and Bob had gone me a shave from behind. For this I chased him, and when I got close enough, I tackled off



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## the lives of men

and owing the pillow so hard as I could at his training arms. The doctor told my mother I'd won two hundred pounds of breast meat to break his wrist. An lesser man's what the screaming ate me.

Then here, they bawled. I didn't care; I didn't know how to explain that, except to say that these were my brothers. They seemed to eat, hold the pain. I caused them against me, one then the other nose. We loved one another—we were all we had, a loss it felt—and hot for my rage and their subsequent pain, this love had no remorse. Besides, no one else had a hand on them. That I would allow. They were mine.

Our summer, David and I never went to California for a stay with our father. He used up the vacation pretty quickly and sent Dave to summer lessons. At least that's what it was told. I saw no evidence—no locks, no drops. The math is that David won't let them and nor does he after so many let. He rolled up and took his jacket off, he never pulled a fight with me, that's because he never had to. In California that summer, we were at hand car admissions, finding blues, and we were both crying, still throwing punches. It wasn't the pain, and there was no pain, a while, just two big boys helping each other.

still felt crowded and helpless. But not until I was big. Ten years ago I went well over 230, and I was sitting in a house somewhere you go in or out but behind you. I never went to college—not far enough but away, out of the city house. I got two plenty of highs, but not with my brothers.

We were in the living room, the three



David and Bob, circa 1960

## One day, I just grabbed David by the arm and yanked. Something cracked. Our mother took him to the hospital, and he came home wearing a cast.

With tears running down their cheeks. No one else was home.

"You've the son flies my nose," I'd tell him. "You're the son from my eye."

I ranted him about everything, including the kitchen lessons. I didn't let him out; he was my brother and that's how it was.

I DON'T REMEMBER where I got the bovine gloves. Certainly I didn't buy them. I had an easier, freed from McDoofus, I had no job. I stole my eggs straight from my mother. I was on the rough grade then, solers, losers, losers, losers, interested in neither school—more days I didn't bother to go out to class.

We were out at my grandparents' house and back in the long couch, which had been round out all those years. That morning a school secretary man was still reciting, our father still long in Cal forest. I had one of the tiny ledgers to myself; David and Bob shared the other. I

of my brothers, Dave and I stood up the gloves. Did he have a choice? Did I?

It was, no doubt, the poorest punch I ever threw, so mostly perfect that I not yelp, nothing at all, when it met skin and skull. It was a right cross straight from the shoulder that traveled so much that it was inches before it ever David's head past where his left ear. His eyes went round and wide, then closed. He crashed into the orange long-sitting, on the coffee table on his way to the carpet.

He woke out a while, a minute, maybe less. That's she face tense I remember her having him. I didn't feel shame or regret. It scared me a little. I hadn't been angry, not especially, just scared, and now, now, David's going, black and biting the floor. Rage was all there was to me.

"Thariss a lot," David said when he caught his breath.

"Lies," outside the house, I told him.

that I hoped I'd end up in some sort of the short house out. He laughed. I laughed.

What else is there to do? The same blood

was away to calling, to a different school. We've merely lived in the same town since, but we pull others, and there's nothing we'd talk about, including old names. One day you leave, we were both. Cleveland, back in my mother's van house far east. Suburbia there, too. Dave within the kitchen, carrying the meat, the rest of us

streaming around the dining room table.

There was pounding on the exterior by the sink, and I saw that David had water pouring out of his mouth. His face was scarlet. He had popped a slice of beef raw his mouth, and he was choking. I

went into the kitchen, grabbed him from behind around the belly, and jerked up hard. Out flew the meat.

"Thariss a lot," David said when he caught his breath.

"Lies," outside the house, I told him.

that I hoped I'd end up in some sort of the short house out. He laughed. I laughed.

What else is there to do? The same blood

beats in our hearts. ■

I DON'T KNOW how we got out of it. I don't know if we ever had, or whether there really was anything to get out. We were, after all, brothers, and that's not



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## TECHNO COATS

Updated and elegant, the new active outerwear is appropriate even when your only sport is playing the market

You used to SEE the kind of thing on cybercafes: See how their coat was such a weird as cyber-sweatshirt? It's like an IT thing two guys who work on it and a crooked smile like going on his own evening program—remembering in a short down our hair—and here's the crucial point: let the bottom of his suit jacket flap in the breeze like naked.

Back then, this was a look to pole him at Rock, then was before the Italian got ahead of it and thinking they were introducing American sportswear, made puffed and pea and double coats some how better in that Italian way of fabrics. (Picture David Agosto wearing a hockey jacket over his Milwaukee suit.)

Pretty soon, American trendsetters, seeing how the sorta look could be when worn the right way—emphasized on the word right—made the idea back. In the years since, its popularity has only increased. And nowadays, in fact, this formal/uniform mix-and-match is so right among style masters, and shakers that a man could be confused with an ex-NY skidder if he's not wearing it.

A few words of serious caution are in order before you head to the stock exchange in your mink. However: The active-style coats you see in these pages aren't the ones you were born in, or they say, the day. They're more gentlemanly reinterpretations, and that means if you want to sport the look, you'll have to get a new one. When you do, just follow these simple guidelines:

First, make sure the coat fits. Too short and your dips showing, as a mere skidder, don't buy it too tight, else you'll look like so much button storage. Then, think elegant, and Agosto—you want the collar to be low-key not look at me on the slopes. And finally believe you go on out the cold, angel world on your own, learn from the mistakes of your predecessors. Never ever wear it with a clip-on tie.



VERSACE

VERSACE

October 1999 | Esquire 97



**HIS JACKET RINGS A BELT.** Think of these coats as an evolution of the blazer—simpler enough to give away their classic heritage but perfectly appropriate for blf. In the winter's first chilly days, a blazer such as this will LIne the boundaries between work and home weekdays and weekends. Perhaps no one wears the costume blazer as often as this model does, though the looks of a Royal Navy-style double-breasted with modern references have a hard-to-resist charm about them. Perhaps it's just that kind of hybridizing that makes them right for a guy who goes a measure of the traditional in his traditional head, a man who means serious business but always shows the world an active attitude. A good blazer is

1. One- and double-breasted, like this double-breasted navy-blue jacket from Belstaff, are the most common styles of blazers. Double-breasted jackets can look slightly more formal than single-breasted ones, but they're also more comfortable and practical. They're also great for layering over shirts or sweaters.

2. Note the subtle color shift here at the bottom. That subtle color shift is a classic indicator of the coat's unique character. It's a subtle way to show off your style without being too obvious. This jacket is made of a soft, supple fabric, and it's available in navy, grey, white, and sand. It's \$1,025 at Belstaff.com.

3. The warm effect of this jacket comes from its thick, textured, ribbed fabric. Its ribbed texture creates a strong, subtle pattern that's perfect for layering over a button-down shirt or sweater. It's \$1,200 at Belstaff.com. It's also available in black and grey.



1. ONE- AND DOUBLE-BREASTED, NAVY BLUE BY BELSTAFF, \$1,025



2. NAVY BLUE, NAVY THREE-BUTTON, NAVY GRAY BELSTAFF, \$1,200

3. NAVY RIBBED, NAVY BELSTAFF, \$1,200

## AN OUTWEAR LEXICON

**blouson:** Though the word, technically, refers to a blouse, it's often used to describe a jacket with a notched collar and elasticized cuffs. It's a good idea to buy a blouson with a belt, though, because it's a good idea to wear it.



**blouson-style:** Although it's not a blouson, this jacket has a similar silhouette. It's the blouson's more casual, more relaxed cousin. It's a good idea to buy a blouson-style jacket with a belt, though, because it's a good idea to wear it.



**blouson:** One of the most popular styles of blousons is the blouson-style jacket. It's a good idea to buy a blouson-style jacket with a belt, though, because it's a good idea to wear it.



**blouson-style:** Through the years, the blouson-style jacket has become more popular. It's a good idea to buy a blouson-style jacket with a belt, though, because it's a good idea to wear it.



**THE MIGHTY COAT** **SAY HELLO** TOWARD TECHNICAL COATS ONCE RESERVED FOR EXTREME ATHLETES ISN'T JUST FOR FASHION'S SAKE. IN MOST CASES, THE NYLONS, MICROFIBERS, AND OTHER MAN-MADE MATERIALS INSIDE ARE IN THESE GARMENTS HAVE A SERIOUSLY USEFUL-WEAR PURPOSE: THEY'RE LIGHTWEIGHT, BREATHABLE, ULTRAWARM, AND EVEN WATER-, SNOW-, AND SLEET-REPELLENT. GOOD STUFF WHEN THE SPRING GETS ROUGH.

**blouson:** The blouson-style jacket is a good idea to buy a blouson-style jacket with a belt, though, because it's a good idea to wear it.

**blouson-style:** The blouson-style jacket is a good idea to buy a blouson-style jacket with a belt, though, because it's a good idea to wear it.

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## THE GUIDE: OUTERWEAR

**SOMETHING UP YOUR SLEEVE.** Remember those little robe-type tops that, with some quick rives, metamorphosed from what—an umbrella into some kind of Iron Golem-type android? Yeah, yeah, the TransForme. Well, they don't have anything to do with these coats. Except maybe in terms of value: two rays in

one rays cost one, which actually translates into three ways to wear it. The rays are "multifunctional" with easy-in and out bags. Wear the outer piece alone, chopping wood at the backdoor. The shaffa just fits over a suit. And both worn together? That's for a soldier at Soldier Field or three blues.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY L. COOPER



The shaffa (left) suggests a coat on top. Always think the outer layer for the quality being. They're constructed in such a manner, by vinyl or poly, or plastic-coated fabrics. Again, consider with leather lining and padding, making it double-duty leather instead.



This shaffa (top) can be retransformed like a quilt. The outer zipper jacket converts into a smaller pop liner, which only then snaps into the shaffa. The shaffa has a front zipper, plus two side zippers, plus a front kangaroo pocket. \$1,195. [www.soldierfield.com](http://www.soldierfield.com)



This used to be a favorite of an Army Green jacket, while in the mid-twenties, the orange version—described the Air Force with confidence on the current history page—was the most popular. It's a zip-up jacket with leather lining, \$100 by Tommy Hilfiger.



To a flight jacket (left) and very cool cut-offs, the jacket is zippered off both sides. The jacket has a front kangaroo pocket, and a cell phone pocket there is one lining. Big, open holes won't stop you from running away like a gangster.



When going down, the prep Korean style (right) is more serious, perhaps cold. When having such as me do the other shirt, it's better to use more roomy, warm, not tight, nonrestrictive with vinyl and polyester lining (\$145, by French Connection).



The quilted outer is one of the picket-style outer sportswear that's come along. It's a jacket with a fur-trimmed hood, \$145. You'll notice that the outer fabric is polyester, which is common because it doesn't hold down along during a long walkout.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY L. COOPER



JOSEPH ABBOUD  
FOOT

DESERT BOOTS

## THE GUIDE: OUTERWEAR

**KEEP YOUR HEAD WARM.** Bob and Doug McKeegan's choice head gear is not. In fact, you won't see a pair pants or a sports jacket (and only one set of earflap) anywhere on the page. You're about as likely to see whiskey flasks as garrison hats in garrison-bean from a green glass bottle while sipping your '98's all because of those subtleties which is achieved with low-key colors (or lack of patterns when the colors are more robust) and luxury fabrics like cashmere, cashmere and cashmere or in the more modern pieces: high-tech rayon. You'll also note that the gloves are equally subtle in design.



Four distinct styles for a chilly fall/winter season. The soft cotton sailor's flat (left) is made from Italian fabric with beige embroidery; cashmere beret (\$215) with matching ribbons (\$150); black Cashmere beret (\$165) with leather trim.



Smart colors are done in the small patterns of these scarves. Prada has four color schemes and a repeating pattern of horizontal stripes in white, black, and grey. Impactful (but still dapper) plaid designs, however, are another option. The \$1000 scarf (right) is a subtle plaid with a fine woven texture, while the \$4000 plaid (far left) is a bold, graphic print.



Most elegant pieces are only sold in this store. Grey cashmere with purple sash and yellow collar (\$200) by the Italian designer. Dark grey wool plaid with white and grey stripes (\$100) by the same designer. Light grey cashmere with purple chevron (\$100) by Prada.



Outward facing mittens made from cashmere. Dark cashmere mittens (\$150) by Loro Piana; cashmere mittens (\$150) by Gianni Versace; light grey cashmere mittens (\$150) by Ferragamo; light grey cashmere mittens (\$150) by Prada.



Orange riding with the classics of these scarves. Silver orange, navy, aviator grey, and red customers receive \$20 cashmere scarf.



These perfect cashmere scarves cost about \$100. Leather mittens with cashmere lining (\$100) by Dolce & Gabbana; cashmere mittens with cashmere lining (\$100) by Gianni Versace; cashmere mittens with cashmere lining (\$100) by Prada; cashmere mittens with cashmere lining (\$100) by Gianni Versace.



All-American bowlers caps in cashmere are about \$100. Grey wool cap (\$100) by Banana Republic; black cashmere cap (\$100) by Banana Republic; grey cashmere cap (\$100) by Banana Republic.



Wearing or a sweater. Gingham designs are becoming more common. Green cashmere scarf (\$100) and grey cashmere scarf (\$100) by Prada.

**UP TO HALF OF THE BODY'S HEAT IS LOST THROUGH THE HEAD—UNLESS YOU'RE NOT WEARING PANTS, IN WHICH CASE IT'S LONG GONE BEFORE IT EVEN GETS AS HIGH AS YOUR NAVEL. OR THAT'S WHAT IT MAY, WHIN' SNOWING. YOU NEED A HAT. A WET HEAD SHEDS HEAT 25 TIMES FASTER THAN A DRY ONE.**

These items better appreciate cold. Right: a light brown slouchy knit cap with a ribbed cuff (\$125) by Prada; left: a black ribbed knit cap with a ribbed cuff (\$125) by Prada; center: a black ribbed knit cap with a ribbed cuff (\$125) by Prada; far left: a black ribbed knit cap with a ribbed cuff (\$125) by Prada.



The most sophisticated business pieces in every wear take advantage of innovative components. The \$2000 men's bone cashmere (\$200) from Prada; men's cashmere sport (\$200) and men's cashmere coat (\$200) by Prada; men's parka (\$1000) by Prada.



Men's belt buckle sweater (\$100) and perforated leather belt (\$100) by Prada; men's ribbed cashmere sport (\$200) by Prada; men's ribbed cashmere coat (\$200) by Prada; men's parka (\$1000) by Prada.

For more information, see page 102.

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# esky

We feel like a new man again, we guess. We haven't noticed much change in ourselves, and what is different could hardly be described as new, but what the hell, we're willing to go along with any half-assed notion that actually puts us at the center of a trend.

And so we are now Millennial Men, and like all things in de-sidle, we are anxious and afraid, or so we are told. As the '99 model man, we feel "caught between the conflicting roles of the surly young man and the aggressive bearish fellas" celebrated in Hollywood portrayals of masculinity.<sup>1</sup> The movement exploded recently. We have, as short, bare Stylin', to play the new Super-Fatso look. In our anger and confusion, Mr. Polak broadly proclaims, we men have been acting out, killing and raping and complaining about femininity, as "a last ditch subterfuge, a stand-in for other needs—to build, provide, be of use." It doesn't sound that much like us, but okay.

Polak Man seems quite a ways from the last new man we were, nor that long ago. Promise Keating (*Mia Farrow 1997*) thought he had all the answers, conveniently contained in a single leather-bound volume. He wanted to do right by his women and his God, which made a lot of women less angry, except for the part about putting them in their place. This new man was the "haggard, crying-on-a-bunch-of-gays you'll ever see," according to one published sighting. But even Promise Keating Man was somewhat slope-browed. As the director of something called the Center for Men explained back then, "Men are very confused, angry, and frustrated as they try to figure out what it means today to be a man."

How bad had we devolved in much from our previous man, who knew exactly what it meant to be, if not a man, at least manly? He first appeared on the October 1996 cover of this magazine as the Alpha Male, depicted as a fierce raven-feathered warlord between the legs of a sleek shirtless model. Also

named Post-Sexist Man by Neustadter, this new man behaved badly and had a lot, meaning lots and lots of man juice—and we're not talking about man, baby. "He may smoke cigar, wear a three-piece suit, and drink martinis, or wear work boots and never miss a day at the gym," wrote one diehard anthropologist, "but the most common trait is that he wants to be top dog in his relationships with women." Nevertheless, that sputtering Polak remained as at the time, the Alpha Male nonsense simply reflected "that men are angry and confused."

In 1994, we saw the brief emergence of Hunko Man, but he died out rather quickly, probably because of the shrinking audience.

Oh, and our gender anxiety's fading now, but we have faint memories of once passing a stick around a fist in the early nineties, when we were into Men or something like that. That was the man our journal, Playboy, we believe, described as "a killer who cares." Now it's coming back. "Men are confused," Michael Perlis, president of the Playboy Publishing Group, said in 1992, and he knew that there was Roman Man, who somehow evolved out of Alex Aida Man, beginning of Hippie Man, according to Gary Parent Man.

The strange thing is that, despite our periodic reemergence from the sociopathic soap, we never seem to remember being anything other than the men we've always been. (See George Clooney, next page.) It is a much older man, the man we've been since before we were born, the man who has existed for at least as long as there have been New York City cabdrivers.

We are American Men. We sit at the living room while *Friends* tells us, rambling over bad behavior, telling us what our bad problems are, and spilling our ill-maintained, unhealing communal complaints to why we are the way we are. We sit there and let her go on. But we are not angry, we are only annoyed. We're not confused. We just want to read the goddamn paper. It

LOW RESOLUTION





# COMMON TOUCH Leading Man

As the story  
demonstrates, sometimes  
it's hard to be  
a good-looking man.

IT'S TIME FOR GEORGE CLOONEY to put on his diet. It's time for him to rub grease all over his head. But first let him finish his sentence, because he's talking about the perils of fame, and it's something he talks about a lot, how people treat you like a god or get mad at you for no reason, and sometimes they're even hurt because you don't recognize them—you came into their bedrooms in that little box and now they can't turn you on and turn you off, and the danger is you get resentful and you isolate and pretty soon you're staring in your own private Sunset Boulevard. "Trying not to be a dick takes work," he says. "And there are periods of time that you're not good at it. You know?"

Now let's go to the makeup trailer to put on that diet. We are down at Jackson, Mississippi, where Clooney is playing an escaped convict in the next Coen brothers movie, *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* "It's all about my hair, this move. I'm in love with my hair. Which seems perfect for me."

He laughs, going on big handfuls of grease, then combing it and warming it to a high glow. "You gotta get it flattened down a little bit." It's disgusting. He laughs. "You meet a lot of girls this way, too."

He looks for some dirt to put on his face. They are professionals of makeup—dark-colored father's earth. "Do a little bit of that. I like lots of that. But more of them, the older one." He loves to make special pleasure in smudging up his famous face.

He works in a little Laundromat to give the dirt that wanna-be-the-crooner look. But on his overalls, he still looks like an unashamedly handshame buck. LaTisha's very older brother. It's a crook to bear.

"You don't know?"  
"I'm professional."

**CLOONEY GREW UP** around television, doing commercials for his dad's variety show in Cincinnati. On Saint Patrick's Day he'd play a leprechaun and his dad would interview him. When the Greenbriar Fair rolled around, Nick Clooney and his kids were there. Almost every day since made some kind of public appearance. Clooney also had the showbiz example at his famous uncle and aunt, Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney, but say no day it was more like visiting the Hollywood, strictly local TV stations all over Kentucky and Ohio. And the rest of the family was anything but glamorous—Clooney's grandfather was a shrimper who worked with a rock until he could afford a gaucho-style suit and work the family substance farm.

It was the kind of family where everyone was trying to be first in the pants line. But it was also very strict. Clooney attended parochial schools, got grounded a lot, wrote essays for his father as punishment. And those same lessons Clooney doesn't talk much about (he's already too young to reference) to adults or behavioral or teenage rebellion. Much more when he buys his parents' high standards of decency. He mentions a time his father reprimanded him for strong-wearing while a customer used the word *nigger*. When I ask him why he's so friendly to the grime on the movie crew—they all love him and go out of their way to tell me his—he says that every Christian dad would take him in the house of a poor family. Somewhere they were so poor he embarrassed George and he would spend the meal staring at his plate.

"I remember one in particular. I was like 12 or 13 years old. And my dad said, 'You look him in the eye when you talk.' I remember that really specifically, because it meant actually facing that, looking them in the eye and making a statement—allowing them no last-minute twists. That was a lesson from my dad and taught me that as my mother, I can't be a lesson to all of us."

But the public life had started. They were to see many banquets and parties that George deservedly chose rising in public. "My parents were very conservative, really looking right, wearing the right heel, and lots and lots of very expensive hourglass." In some ways it was even a bit discomforting. "There were certain things you had to do. Driving in the car, my dad and mom would be not talking 'cause that's not done at each other, and my sister and I were hearing each other saying, 'You're touching me in my side of the car!' And that'd open the door, and all [these people] be standing there, and my dad will be across [them] and go, 'Not that great, Nelly! Look this great!' And she'd go, 'Oh, it's so beautiful to be here! Right, ladies?' And we'd go, 'Yay, so great to be here!' And we'd be this whole public figure family. And then it would finish and we'd get back in the car and—lemon."

Stylin' could be worse. You had to be up for it. And sometimes George was up for it and sometimes he wasn't. "Sometimes you just don't feel it," he says. "Sometimes when they'd go, 'Come on, George! Just come on down here!' you'd feel like 'uh-oh—' 'All right' and you'd just have to do it. You know? The only way you was on was out of pure confidence. Like when you get

a check cashed or the only way you can clean up by going, 'That's a gift! That's a check!'

**DRIVING BACK** FROM THE SET, Clooney takes a call from his manager in L.A. about a pilot he's writing and producing for HBO. It's about a pilot he's writing and producing for HBO. It's about a pilot he's writing and producing for HBO. The idea is a young actor named Kelvin. He has strange concerns: "I don't want to give it to them straight 'cause there's a lot of guys at Warner Brothers that are going to go 'watch the NBA Finals, and they'll just be passed off if we make them stay late."

This is typical Clooney. He's constantly analyzing and reinterpreting and theorizing, which is one reason he's gay—darker, rather than a joyous career as a movie star—one of the largest stars-down-the-line products in Hollywood, with dozens of employees and millions of dollars annually in the wallet. Many of them reflect his interests in politics, from a TV remake of *Fail Safe* to the *Edward R. Murrow* story in the true story of *Mr. Berg*, baseball player and spy.

But the core he talks about the most is *Kelvin*. First of all, he's always looking for inspiration: directors and ensemble actors, he wanted to show what the actor's life is really like—the ridiculousness of reading a love scene with a male casting director, the psychological warfare of being cast as the "stuntman brain" of shoulder, and the whole driving pattern aspiring theatrical life. The show tells the story of Michael Kilroy, a twenty-three-year-old actor who comes to L.A. to be famous, just as Clooney did sixteen years ago. Clooney cast himself in enough shows when NBC bought the show but wanted on a laugh track, he fought it back with his own money and sold it to HBO. "You don't tell the audience where to laugh," he says.

The twist is that Kelvin is really going to be an actor auditioning for other TV shows, and they'll work his appearance into the plot. "He'll get there later in *Interview No. 3* on K.F.C. the Panels Atelier stage. And so he goes on the set, and he does his three lines, and you see all the other workers of the set. And then when you watch V.I.P. a few weeks later, he'll actually be Interviewer No. 3."

He grins. "We wrote one, where he does the long autocue on K.F.C. and does a great job, and then all of his friends are coming over to watch, and he pushes his autocue machine when he comes in the door, and it's the director saying, 'I should have told you last week.' We had to cut that scene. I'm sorry! And you hear the cheerleader ring, and all his friends are there. And when you see him on *ER*, like 'Uh, actually our kid is, like...' And then they'll cut away. He'll be just an extra in the background."

But Kelvin isn't just about showbiz, Clooney says. You can't tell a show off or that it's about something even closer to his heart. "This kid's a little older than I was. We wanted to start him out being a real wide-area, but more, because as we go, we want to sort of focus him. And then the question wasn't be whether or not he makes it as an actor, but will he make it as a man?"

**WHEN WE GET TO THE MOTEL**, Clooney asks me up to his room to watch the Knicks play the Spurs. An offer of beer follows. The guy gets off all morning his brain—oh yeah, we're supposed to be doing an interview. "So, uh, okay, thank you for a good interview?" "Sometimes I think I do some things pretty well."

He mentions his performances in the movie *One of Us* and some episodes of *JR*, and the interesting thing is that he doesn't really talk about himself. He says that doctors don't feel worthy for patients, not really, not most of the time—they never talk to suffering with the same gallows humor that cops use to insulate their feelings. So he had a hard-and-fast rule that he would display preference over eight or nine episodes. Because the show were on and the

writing declined, this became harder to do. The temptation was always to "not" commitment into the story. He got so upset about it he even wrote a letter to the producers. "In the first season we had a gay walk-in this show with an arrow stuck in his head, and he said, 'Can you tell me where Admetus is?' And we'd groan, and he would off, and that's it. You never see again. If we were this situation, we'd all take him onto the Emergency Room and talk about how meaningful a life that he's still alive, and then Nash would start to cry because his parents died from an asthma attack."

Sorority girls are making the rounds about him. "And it doesn't win you any awards, and it doesn't get any attention, but I was always most proud of walking away from *Friends*. And we'd sit there and watch it on *Thursdays*, and Eric [Ludwig] would tap you on the leg when he knew you couldn't understand one up as you didn't."

**CLOONEY FOUND** himself as baseball. At first he was afraid of a home. He was intimidated by the pitchers. He remembers being on deck in eighth and ninth grade and watching something wonderful happen as he didn't have to go up and hit the "gap" in the gap like going up in a jet at a slant and risking the boundaries of repetition. Not his slant at all, then or now—he'd rather stand there and wait for them to come to him. So he'd stand there in the diamond saying, "Oh, please just let me be the ball, just let me make contact." And he'd strike out every time.

## "IF YOU RUN FOR PRESIDENT, I FIGURE YOU SAY YEA, I SLEPT WITH HER, AND I DRANK THE BONG WATER."

But he was looking in Cincinnati then, and those were the years the Reds won the World Series twice in a row. If he'd be the next coach and keep the closest three runs and you just knew they were going to win, he'd like Pete Rose said, they'd look like winners.

Little by little, George became a hitting-practice fanatic. By his senior year he'd go to the place and go, "I wonder where I'm going to be the ball? Do I have to go to the right or to the left?" The more time that game him than looking, was when he got a case of acting and thought, This is it, this is the show. So in 1992 he dropped out of college and drove west in a rented Motor Coach with an engine so funky he never turned it off, just slept on the side of the road with the motor running. He had \$300

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in his pocket. "My dad said, 'You're never going to survive. You're never going to make it.'

These were the go-go years in Hollywood, too, when cocaine and quaaludes and acid sessions and—well, it was easy to get大象. And the thing about being an actor is that the job almost requires you to move away from who you really are. You go on many makeovers. So this he was back to starting place again. "I hope they like me." Then the red light went off. "Okay, sir, you went. You know what? Stick me in a big pot and boil it all down, and I'm a borscht player. That's what I like. That's what I understand. So I'm going to meet this like I'm eatin' borscht. So I'm a ringer, or do I want to have a left?"

The key is, you gotta continue. Even if it's wrong, you gotta continue. You gotta be the Peter Pan of actors, fighting like a pit bull even in an All Star game. Take the time he dedicated for Francis Ford Coppola like a Kennedy library. "This goddamn Dracula thing's comin' in here, comein' down this here desk and blonde! Up like a half-a-feet!" Clooney was so bad that Coppola called his agent and asked if there was something seriously wrong with him—but he was committed, damnit.



TONIGHT GEORGE TAKES A TABLE instead of sitting at the bar. Once again he's the fine one to perch napkin on her lap. He uses the right fork. Barthes's wearing a baseball cap and hangs his head so low he could eat without one.

The phone for the evening is practical jokes. George's favorite for these, like the time he had healthy Thom called the house and left a goofy message on George's answering machine: "It's Thom, and I like cock." Of course George erased the tape, and no one has ever been caught using that same code to Thom's AT&T voice-mail service. George gets the tape of "It's Thom, and I like cock" in place of Thom's outgoing message. Then they all go on a Howser vacation, and after a few days when Thom goes too phony to check his messages, all the guys switch on the bushes. Those listen to the first couple of messages, then start to howl. The guys in the bushes are howling. Then they set the last punch in the code to get the outgoing message. Then they do the whole body crumple. Oh man, it's funny! Especially when he gets the message from his mother!

As he tells the story, a steady stream of women come up to say hello and get smooches. One after another brings the food, he's had enough. The next waitress who approaches gets a look of pain. "Oh sorry, ma," George says.

She's miffed. "I'm the owner's wife, and I have some friends here who are having 20 meet you."

"Okay," George says. "After we finish eating."

She walks away in a huff. just before we leave, a birdied in a short shorts comes by. When she bends over to hand him a piece of paper to sign off, the cleavage display is startling. When she leaves, Weidu groans.

"What? What?"

## HE JUST COULDN'T STOP BOBBING HIS HEAD. IT WAS AN UNCONSCIOUS THANKS, AND HE KNEW HE WAS TEEING OFF WATCHING MUM ON THE MONITOR. SO HE GOES, YOU KNOW, YOU COULD BE A MOVIE STAR, BUT YOU HAVE TO STAND STILL.

"She's kind of nice."

"You thought she was sexy?"

While breathing, looks of may then drops. "Yeah, if you not her boyfriend, I'd be all notice and laugh at the same time."

"The boys are like my tennis teammates," George says, laughing.

"LET ME TRY THIS ON YOU," says "When I asked you what you did, what you're good at or not, you tell me a story about that was up."

He laughs. "Right, right, right."

"When I asked you about your girlfriends, it's like you went suddenly, 'Year of causality.' You're right. You talked me."

He laughs again.

"Do you think it all connects somehow? I mean, you're got this cool style as an actor. You're not Sean Penn writing the scenario. You're one of the guys who holds back a little bit."

"Reserved. Yeah."

"And it's one of the things people like about you. You do you think maybe, like, keeps you from going too deep?"

He says. "Well, certainly as an actor it does. I remember watching *My Left Foot* and thinking, You know what? I can't do that. It's a good a performance as I've seen. It's like when I saw Paul Newman in *The Verdict*. I thought, Man! And I look at these guys and I think, Well, they're much more willing to open up their guts, you know show their fangs and bleed them and everything out on there like we do. There it is again—pick it up! I don't know that I'm willing to do that. So it's a little bit—yeah, I feel

you're sort of pressuring me."

But the truth is, Clooney's dramatic actor pals like Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Stewart, guys who pretty much played them sober as anything. Cary Grant was another one. You always felt like Cary Grant was kind of working at you, and you loved him for it. But Reynolds was great at it now. And he might even really do it—look at the camera and smile at you. Clooney feels that. You got the feeling he could look at you at any time and just snap his fingers. You always felt he was smiling just for you. It goes away. You don't get to get away very long. But when he's home, it's really fun."

It's like he learned from his mom Rosemary: you don't have to let the high notes be a good singer. That's why George never wears makeup. He's never worn makeup. It's like when Spencer Tracy was doing Captain Corelli's Mandolin or something, and he was supposed to have really check razer stubble. And he said, No, I'll shave it. Now that was a guy.

It's also why Clooney insists on maintaining his casual persona on photo shoots. No posing wanted. No shiny looks. "I can't go with, 'It's a leather leather shirt, and you have no waist.' I'm like, 'You know what? That I look great on some guys. It's not for me.'

And yet...and yet...the job of an actor is to make him human.

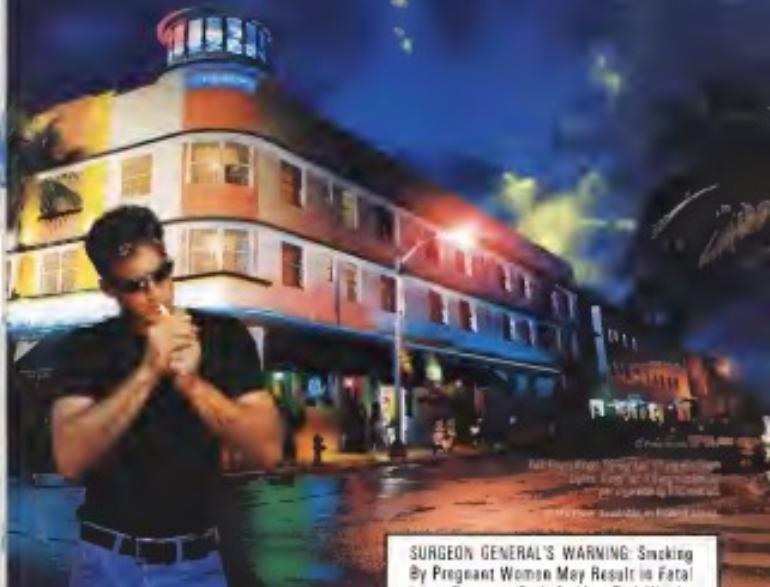
Clooney knows this. And God knows he's lived it—he's seen some of his early work and in his own humble opinion he is the worst combination of overacting and overconfidence. Even after ten years as the highest paid television star in TV, he couldn't stop bobbing his head around. It was an unconscious thing, like you're not going to let anyone focus on you. Like you're not that a moving target.

It's funny because all these years on TV, he told everybody he was really a movie major. He said that all through his voice on

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PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDI KLEIN FOR TIME

**She has a sexy mouth, I think.**  
That slight palatal overbite—it gets to me. She seems expert at marshaling her mouth's resources, at inspiring its ingenuity. She can fold her lips into an origami of fleeting smiles. Her basic smile is sort of chipmunkish and schoolmarmish, but sometimes, when she is pouncing on the possibility of

YOU'LL NEVER LOOK AT HILLARY CLINTON THE SAME WAY AGAIN

an idea, her lips extend their reach into her cheeks and carve out a wolfish, carnal line, as though nothing could please her more than her own hunger. Her mouth is enigmatic in its capacity for adjustment—it seems both the origin and repository of her secrets. Sure, when she is under duress, it can appear small, pinched, grudging,

harsh, unforgiving, and grimly determined—nippy—but when she is at ease, free to discuss, you know, the issues . . . well, then her mouth becomes the very instrument of her freedom, and her laugh rings the bell of her throat. Her laugh is the sexiest thing about her, in fact; it packs a lewd wallop because it seems

By Tom Junod

to take her by surprise. There's a sadness in about her laugh, in an offhanded suggestion that she is willing to be scrutinized, as he pleased his quick and sudden, an unbuttoned, throaty gape, and it caused me to pat down to her eyes, like doves' glas.

She has pretty eyes, I think. They're direct, almost imperturbably so, but not cold. They seem shyly beneath their veins of emotion. They are almond shaped, slightly oval, set high in the broad planes of her face, above the shadowed triangles of her mighty cheekbones. When she is need, her eyes are the first to show it, to betray the recognition of everything that has gone through, to reveal the surprise of her anxiety. She wears plenty of makeup. Her skin is laid and slightly worn and depends on light from other sources—from her eyes, from her smile, even from the glowing consciousness of interview. Like her husband, she knows how to look good when she's used. She

enough to escape her longing, and now like a woman of incisive bloom. I imagine what would be easy to make her blush. I imagine her easily coaxed and easily seduced by a certain urge of practiced seducer, and if you were to sit—all men eventually do, when the subject is Hillary Rodham Clinton—that terrible question, "Would you . . ." I would have to say, yes, I would.

So I would. Of course I would. Hell yes, I would.

I would do it.

I would vote for Hillary Clinton in a New York minute.

**I was flying to update *New York* to see Hillary Clinton when I heard the Hillary joke. I had a window seat. I was reading a magazine article about her when the man next to me turned to**

**the magazine  
and said:  
Interestingly fact  
about Hillary is  
that so many  
men absolutely  
hat her and  
that their  
hatred is  
not so much  
political as  
it is sexual.  
Under the  
guise of  
political  
discontent,  
men say  
things about  
Hillary they  
would never  
say about  
other women.**

My ear and in a lead, plane shapes said, "What's the Hillary Clinton KFC special?"

I put the magazine in my bag. "Okay," I said. "I'm going. What is it?"

"Two small breasts, two large thighs, and two fat wings."

Flinching at the man. He was sitting in the middle aisle and was representative of every man who has ever sat next to me on the middle seat for as long as I've been flying. He had a heavy anatomy. He was hardly no me but far from it—cheekily hot in regard to everything else, particularly politics and the media. He was too big for his seat and for his inflated bag of crack can with a load of puffed, propulsive champagne meat. He was an engineer or had early fits with an imposing girl or not quite enough to escape her vulnerability nor ambitious

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belly, thick forearms, reddish hands, squat fingers, gnarled hair combed to the side, and a well kept, passing beard. He was wearing aviator-style sunglasses, a gaff shirt, blue jeans, and white sneakers. He had a laptop. When I told him, with a crimson and guilty chuckle, what I thought of his joke ("That's evil, man . . .") he struggled, as if it's unconstitutional, apologetic, and then said confidentially, "It'll beat you like his bigger balls than hell."

I tried to return my attention to the article about Hillary but couldn't. It was a long article, full of facts about Whitewater and crime busters and Travolta and Bush brother, but now it seemed incomplete, as my article would still not address what is to me the most salient and interesting and inexplicable fact about Hillary Clinton—that she may even be a predatory hoer, and that their hatred is less political than it is sexual. Indeed, if George Bush was so co-ruined weapons of their first husbands, Hillary runs edition of . . . well, it's hard to say, exactly, for to ask men to contemplate the question of Hillary Clinton is to open oneself to an entire subterranean world of men, as in a segregated restaurant group where the grooms are various and specific and shatless and childless and reflective and policy and swollen. Under the guise of political discontent, men say things about Hillary Clinton that they would never say about other women, much less their wives, although, if truth be told, what the men in this society is certainly more and nothing. You men don't own your wives that they didn't marry a woman with better legs and bigger tits. For instance, one man who'd be a man who'd be able to bring himself to cast a vote for Hillary Clinton, only to hear his wife say, "Are you kidding? Not with that ass?" Since then, I have heard so many variations of this sexist answer—from "She has thick ankles!" to "She couldn't wend Bill, how's she gonna handle me?"—but I've come to realize that instead of asking, "Would you vote for Hillary Clinton?" it may well be better, "Would you do Hillary Clinton?" Indeed, in reference to our First Lady, the two questions are practically one and the same. To say that you wouldn't vote for Hillary Clinton is not only to exercise political choice but to maintain the only taste of superiority—sexual superiority—that she allows. She never uses proggies, Hillary does, she wears them with pride, always fanning to say what they won't do at what they wouldn't, and if by that turn the doesn't quite bequeath an object of desire, she becomes at the very least a sort of desire and, as such, the most interesting sexual person of our time, not to mention the most polarizing political wife since Monica Lewinsky. Yes, that's right. Accused of shagging her proper son-in-law in censure for power, she has gained the ability to get under men's sexual skin in a way no actress or impersonator ever could, and stands in the incursion of every animalized and irreconcilable feeling a certain kind of man has about his wife and about his sons and a boy's manhood and a bout the entire question of sexual fidelity and about women in general. Indeed, as potent a reason has she become that some men—the men in the middle aisle, for example—refuse to grant that she's a woman. And when she runs for the Senate, she will have to confront men who answer the question "Would you vote for her?" with a vehemence only she can express.

"Hey, man. Not with your level."

**She looked virginal on the day she lost her political virginity—the day she and Senator David Patrick Moynihan made the chaste turn down a country road in 1961, in order to enter the airport to New York and all the world that if she wanted his job, he accepted her ambitions. Don't take my word for it; the metaphor of Hillary's maidenhood was suggested by one of**

Moynihan's neighbors, who gains authority simply by being one of the very first people who watched the spectacle without the added enforcement of an infant aspinging tart to her breast. This was July 7, 1959. This was the day Hillary Clinton was to announce her "hunting tour" of New York State and thereby—by doing it not by word—announced her designs on the Senate seat that Moynihan was vacating. A trio of two hundred reporters gathered on Moynihan's man-hued acre fence, debouching horses three as-coordinated row their horses and squirming themselves onto the bleachers set up for the spectators on a field of trampled grass and clover. The neighbors seated themselves and were poised to do so. They waited in and established themselves on the opinions of Secret Service personnel, the sharpness waiting withered arms, the supporters spreading blankets and taking perches of those taking pictures. "We're just neighbors," they kept on saying when the reporters got their cameras under the bright discolor of the blue sky and went in search of local color. "You know, Fat, and we're here for him. He's ours." "Course, it's not very often that someone like the First Lady comes to Franklin County, so she's that, too."

**Poindexter Coopers:** God, as the name of the constituents whose Moynihan called his earth, it was downright Cooperstown, and the neighbors liked saying it was such as the reporters liked writing it. There was Joe, for instance. Joe was a guy who was originally from Loudonville, Long Island. Joe wore a ribbed tank top and short shorts. Joe kept his mom created. For Joe, it was all about the dad. He had done some work for Mrs. Moynihan around the farm and now, under his breath, reciting the words between his teeth, she will be world a stand-pick, he said, "I don't think Mrs. Moynihan likes this. I don't think she likes this at all in fact, I know she doesn't." Why? You know, Hillary. This makes her coming. You get her, you get her. That's just the way it is. From Generals Flowers, then Paul Jones and Monroe. What's next—any mother? It was an affectively compressed formulation of Hillary's political and sexual standing—she is, as political history and sexual doorman who in order to fulfill her human function had to depend on her husband's sexual allure and how she had to accommodate his pleasure. The complaint against her has always been that she had room to power without the incessant check of electoral accountability and no commanding sex and there, without the disengagement of sexual reduction—but she had never made herself available in the way her husband had. On this day, however, all that was about to change, for through the efforts of the media who was presenting herself to the young public for the first time, and, upon hearing Joe's complaint, a neighbor sitting on a bleacher made the comment of the transmission class, "Sonatas," she said, "Hillary's here because she wants to help. She's here because the kids people. Just like her husband. She's not even really a politician." A game pause. "Well, I guess that changes today," she said. "I guess today Hillary's here for something..."

And so the dig. There was an aspersion. Moynihan met her in a historic little white schoolhouse he had converted into his study. It was said that he wrote his books there. He was waiting for his wife, out of sight, when the reporters arrived, and later, when Hillary pulled up in a second minister, he stepped outside and opened the screen door for her. He was a gentleman, real as a fiddle. They stayed inside the schoolhouse for about ninety minutes, then emerged into a private car mounted only by the inscrutable apparatus of as political purpose—the leg when satellite tracks, the several kinds of black cameras, the clicking, whirring, honking, grunting throng. Hillary were kept behind a rope, and so the First Lady and her escort



MARK LIDDELL/GETTY IMAGES

had to advance upon them, fifty yards or so down a dusty, unpaved road. They took their time, as though unaware of what they were there for. They even dawdled, Maybella pausing now and again, Hillary muttering, forcing her pace to follow the path of his finger, like a cat and dog obliged to be interested in her. She was wearing a dark-blue garment that flowed around her body as the water. He—with his curiously shaped shoulders, his rounded hips, his thighs like hair through a man's hair—not the six-light boy—was wearing khakis and a light-blue shirt, buttoned down and unknotted-electric live gallant; he hooked his one arm here, and suddenly, as he squared her, she looked—well, she'd never looked beauty in her life, if you won't know the truth; she looked innocent but eager; she looked up, ready-to-live. In the company of his brother, the other displayed the classic appearance of a wounded wolf—enfright, defiance, wary to the touch, with a poignant bray of the pre-pugnacious snarls and imminent defiance. But now, on the arm of New York's sitting senior senator, the look had young and restored, despite the dark circles attending his eyes. They both looked young, even winsome, and when Maybella had ended his introductory speech to the press by saying, "I hope the will go all the way," he might have been a rare Harvard boy visiting his secret dormitory for the nice, spacious, slightly money-well-spent girl he'd come to fancy.

Dear Hillary: How do you feel about it? Speculation has been offered that she was in fact a virgin when she met her husband as dear old Yale, that she has gone all the way with him and with him only. Now the road without him is in front of a pack of reporters and—Moynihan's own persistent notwithstanding—the stand very much alone, consequently alone, as she announced her determination to leave to New Yorkers before the first meeting herself man a black slave. The announcement lasted one or two minutes, then the took questions. She seemed extraordinarily brave at this moment—brave and a little foolishly, for she was clearly in the process of remaking herself, as a career and as a woman and as a politician and as a wife, and yet she had to know that her purity at that regard would remain intact only as long as reporters refrained from questioning him or from otherwise remaking her that even now her life had not ended his expansive sense of sexual prerogative. As might be expected, they did not refrain for long, there or four questions, than there, then also the bad disposed with impunity challenging her right to call herself a New Yorker, her knowledge of Canadian trade agreements, and her interests at holding early elections—yes, that old chestnut—the latest a widow from the country's passing, middle aged if so, the Hillary Clinton, had somehow profited from her husband's dalliance with that woman, Mrs. Lewinsky... if she expected to receive "the sympathy vote"; if, in effect, she expected to become a United States senator because the expected voters to try her.

In culture had been held—held, as usual, in the next morning's news notes—that a Faux Lady did not answer the question, she too conspicuously failed to respond. This was not precisely true. She responded, all right. She just responded like a Faux Lady—like a wifey—rather than like a professor. She glared over—she paused for a second, as though she had been interrupted by a brat, coffee-blush cheeks flushed upon her face. She has a sexy voice, a pliable and professional music, clashing and popping, very toward the range of alto, but now she tightened his voice and, as though she were running, not for the Senate but rather for power-high class president, until it so express a will for a

assured sort of popularity. "I'm looking forward," she said, "to meeting with New Yorkers." They'll have a lot to tell me about what they think about *it*. "It was a hit and a success," a silly old ad says, but it was altogether more human than most writers and commentators gave her credit for—more human, naturally, and the conversation itself, though it may be said that the question itself was surely legitimate, even necessary. It's as though her husband's affair with Misti Lewinsky at some point triggered an Hillary's political fortunes, star all. No, it's probably on or near, because it through the prism of sexual legislation that she was somehow transformed from the woman the Republicans now so naturally assume in 1994—the woman who did her best to disappear in '95, '96, and '97—the most admired woman in the country, the midlistington of other pluses for "Family values" in the Clinton White House. For all the speculations concerning her reasons for running for the Senate—all the "Is it hunger for power or thirst for vengeance?" psychobabble bracketed about her political importance—nothing stands clear. She would not be running at all if it were not for Misti Lewinsky. In this country, Hillary Clinton could not be running for the Senate, or at least running with a realistic chance of winning, had she not been sufficiently humanized, or domesticated, or discredited, or, in some words, so "moralized," so morally pure, that driving her would be through some kind of mud. All questions about Misti Lewinsky legitimate and unnecessary, then, because they will help us gather some kind of evidence, because they will help us know what transpired between the President and the First Lady at the cabaret and—for her—but—admittedly part of 1998. No, they are legitimate and unnecessary precisely because we will never know what happened between them, and she will never tell. She is the kind of lying-crafting, nosey, and unlovable old woman we find in every novel—unless we ask her questions, then allow us to read her in a sexual light that doesn't belong to her husband—or we let ourselves onto her to read her at all.

**The gay sibling** being killed was my third. Over three days, she had married with Hillary from Freda's Concessions in Germany, from Coopers to Cooperatives, from Cooperatives to Usica, from Usica to Rome. At such times, there was a lot of scheduled political action called, with Orwellian flair, "killing over eggs"; at each egg, we had learned to look—and watch—Hillary hard. They could do that fast. She was an indefatigable latrine, unsatiable. She learned fast to pass a panel of selected guests, then to general audiences, and it was clear that she was Cleopatra. No story was too trivial, no memory of yesterday too obscure, no connection too peripheral, for Hillary to make eye contact with the speaker, and her head in a pattern of three sheet, two long, say, "That's very interesting," scribble some notes in a notepad, and then extract not only determined coquetry for about a minute flat—more status, more moodiness, more parochial concern. No other she has raised since the beginning was what I hearded the gay behind me, however, no, when I had his ear was not discerning. He was a White House correspondent for *Tonight magazine*. He had been covering the Clinton for quite a while, and now, well, he was Hillaryed. He was Cleopatra. He couldn't seem to get over his—and everyone else's—lack of clarity when it came to the Clintons. Hillary in particular. Her plans had been far-sighted, while it was all haphazard—when Hillary attacked the "spin-off conspiracy" in January and her husband abandoned his dozen in August—the editorial staff at *Tonight* were given two months of thought—one morning did Hillary know all along about Monica even as she was out defending

by his account as son of entrenched and unchallengeable精英, the robust creature that he had discovered 'as he had deserved everyone else.' The school did not bother the correspondent, however, merely as much as the fact that it is a support of an argument that such kids had assumed what deserved to be equally reliable bodies of evidence. 'Each side has its own,' he said, already physically, still unable to accept that the work of the writer seemed out of reach and that the split was not masked by facts but rather obscured by belief, as though Hillary were accused of releasing figures.

And there you have it, as there—the two Billiards. The one a good wife wronged; the other :—the other almost unutterable, not so much Machiavellian as Borgian, a master of cynicism.

“*Platynum*

1801-1802

卷之三

卷之三

and the  
real star  
pursuit. "Is  
that okay?"

卷之三

#### **Wachsmann**

she had said  
but here, "I've  
been waiting  
for someone  
to turn me on."

grieves you about anything her women can't do. They are completely different women, yet not much separates them, really, except for some night or nine months' worth of knowledge and the fact that one goes all the way and the other doesn't. That's what it all comes down to, doesn't it? The Bad Highway is not only politically ruthless, she's sexually unattractive—more seriously frightening. She is the Highway who, along with Little Mischief, proves to be the mask of a woman who is the same whatever's necessary for a man's week. Who, along with Lady M., begins the spirit to "attack me here," (And I'll move from the cross to the toe tag if I dare stand around!) Come to my woman's dinner, I'd take my talk for girls, you'renothingmatters." She's the Highway who, in the words of a lot of men I talked to in upstate New York, "made her dull" and was getting "paid off" with that, her

putative run for the Senate, and the possibility of putting him in the Senate.

As for the other Hillary, Hillary the Grand—I think I might have known her in New York, only no, maybe at Christmas when she was visiting. She was writing stories in her engraved. The harsh television light shadowed in her eyes and beamed across like the blinding lights in a swimming pool. I had assumed that I would have to choose badly between the Good Hillary and the Bad—*that* I wouldn't have enough in go, alas, that is the Bad and my choice would had down to a question of either / or, some sort of economical decision, a flinging of self into the abyss where the truth was lost. This is not quite how it happened. I had to make a choice, all right, but it came simply, a function of instant and feel, when I thought. I moved a moment up there in the hot lights. She was not the timid virgin accepted by her abettors—but then, the mistake of her



adherents has always been to make her as angry as her enemies do, so that love of Hillary would uproot and destroy and harm all of Hillary's own dirt and sexual and political opponents. The Hillary I saw was not annoyed—she was rescued, by the words in her own mouth. She was conducting one of her panel discussions. She was speaking, instead of listening, but nobody could hear her because of a problem with her microphone. At least, the television men couldn't hear her, and they made themselves known. They had presence, so they started pointing at her. Finally, someone on her staff stood up and silenced the microphone on the lapel of her fuzzy blue jacket. "Is that okay?" Hillary said. It was okay—but once was now complicated into deep concern. "Well," she said as she crossed and recrossed her legs. "The best waiting for someone to turn up." The morning was perfect, and the people's big laughs, because suddenly that from Lucy was... *saint* (footnote on page 178)



BY GARETH BRAUNWEN

Remember the iMate? Not! How about the revolutionary Network Computer? Didn't think so. And what about... the Newton? Did you hear the Newton was the answer to all your information processing brethren's lots of possible ed, till Apple pulled the plug on this ill-fated handheld.

Such is life at the premonitory silicon crossroads, where insipid new equipment is cushioned at the fig of a binary switch and where digital novelties are never present danger. And even if you manage to lay the right grime, getting them to play nice with one another can be a major headache.

One day this may not be a problem. Bluesocket, a short-range wireless standard currently in development, promises to merge all of your electronic gizmos—phone, laptop, coffeepot—without interference among themselves automatically. No more compatibility hassles, no more weird garb out of wires. The high dopes at AT&T's Bluesocket partner are dreamin' up such multi-functional devices as the portable Cyber phone, with voice-

activated PC and Web browser whose screen will float hologram-style a foot and a half in front of you whenever you are (virtually). For now, we'll just stay in-line with Net surfing, remain on the drawing board.

But fear not, digitization. On the following pages, just three of the ultimate cybergizmos—suitable for nerd, art, and invention. Made up of hardly cutting-edge technology, it's bound for the last-mile Internet where you're finally casting the packing peanuts off your treasures. Its components are as stylish as they are functional. Since personal tech is increasingly being woven into the fabric of our lives, it's gotta look good, right? And perhaps most important, it's all been road-tested elsewhere so the total well-worn package is greater than the sum of its parts.

A powerfull, flexible system that can communicate with most a cell that swaps RAM with your computer, a computer that talks to your PDA, and a PDA that connects to a wireless modem and surfs the WorldWide Web to check on your stocks to make you more money—so you can buy more electronic gear.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES WOJCIK



It all begins with a laptop. In this case the latest in a long line of venerable ThinkPad portables, the Z90. This 3.5kg Premium laptop's remarkable versatility, web performance and optical drive options can be broken down into various components that allow the user to re-assemble it according to their needs. Our pound portable has a fast 1.6GHz Intel Pentium III processor, 1GB RAM, 1.6GB ultra-fast 60GB SCSI hard drive, integrated wireless LAN, a 14.1" screen and a 16x CD-RW drive. You can even add a second component to your system to include an optional port replicator plus one slot away from connecting to a full-sized Microsoft monitor or external keyboard. An Express Card slot and a PCMCIA docking station slot let the laptop rest the replicator dock on the monitor and you've got the best of both worlds. The system includes, from bottom, the Z90's Frenched Dell 5000 ultrathin case, the Express Card slot, the Express Dock, the second Express slot and whatever extra components you will for your system to include. An optional



The KMM-3204 is a recent addition to the already popular KMM-line of personal electronic organizers. The KMM has one button access to a calendar, address book, to-do list, and contacts. Hundreds of stored lists and contacts of programs can be stored. The KMM can also store up to 1000 songs and more than 1000 photos in its memory. It also has increased memory or a paper card. The KMM measures 4.7 inches by 3.1 inches by .7 inches and weighs 4 pounds (without the screen). A docking station and caraux wires let the KMM allows you to sync with your computer. It also has a database, Personal Address Book, e-mail program, Web browser, and MiniNet wireless modem and you can link it to become a mobile link to your office and the internet. For more information [www.pcm.com](http://www.pcm.com) or 800-888-1996.

## the future of the digital man

A PIONEER OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

LOOKS INTO THE FUTURE OF INTELLIGENCE, ARTIFICIALLY ENHANCED

BY RAY KIRKZWELL

I recently called Enrica on the phone, and although I was speaking English, she heard me in German, and I heard her German replies in English. This experimental backslash enabled speech recognition, automatic language translation, and a new generation of speech synthesis that sounds completely like me. This speech-based speech called LIGHT Realpolitik passes the Turing test for speech analysis. In other words, it sounds just like a human voice. This technology will soon be able to analyze a recording of someone's voice

and then generate natural-sounding speech that person's voice characteristics—so it could not only translate your speech into another language but allow your listener to hear the translation in your own voice. In a few years, this type of "translating telephone" may well be possible from your notebook computer. By 2009, we'll be routinely switching our cell phones.

Over the next several years, we will witness the emergence of "virtual avatars"—extreme knowledge bases programmed with

the semantics of language and common sense knowledge. These systems are beginning to "understand" the diverse meanings of words and are increasingly able to disambiguate meaning from context. As you say that you "like eating ham made of meat," it will understand that you are not eating flying animals by that!

These language-based avatars will have an enhanced visual presence and customizable personalities. By 2009, most source-based interactions will be conducted between a

you even on checking your status from the office of a career advisor. When you get invited, review it, candidate for a vehicles mission (and probably a travel perk). The Advisor will provide the basic info, as well as a link to a virtual interview site using CDRIO, a method of interviewing done over existing cellular networks. Be prepared to answer the 100+ questions asked, press the virtual touch pad to produce photo prints as previous they could stamp a Polaroid print, but a can also print out black and white photo prints (either at a rate of 10 cents per minute). The HD video conference port technology that offers fast play and play controls to your friend and anyone else in your group. The video conferencing port can handle an impressive 1.5 megabits per second image resolution, making it an all-around superb choice than most. At a great deal of money, but it's price of \$499. For more information [www.vtchat.com](http://www.vtchat.com) or 800-440-7766.

Photo: © 2001, Vtchat.com. All rights reserved.

Today's portable cameras are becoming increasingly popular for making inexpensive digital photo albums. The best cameras are the ones that produce photo prints as previous they could stamp a Polaroid print, but a can also print out black and white photo prints (either at a rate of 10 cents per minute). The HD video conference port technology that offers fast play and play controls to your friend and anyone else in your group. The video conferencing port can handle an impressive 1.5 megabits per second image resolution, making it an all-around superb choice than most. At a great deal of money, but it's price of \$499. For more information [www.vtchat.com](http://www.vtchat.com) or 800-440-7766.

speaker. The 15-inch monitor is only 3/4 inches deep and weighs a mere 1.23 pounds—a welcome relief from the monolithic 19- and 21-inch conventional monitors that really require an office under construction. For more information [www.silene.com](http://www.silene.com) or 800-333-2010.



human and the type of virtual personality. Or during products, obtaining information, conducting financial transactions, booking travel reservations, and other everyday transactions and inquiries will be conducted by talking with your computer in a natural language dialogue, an experience not unlike talking to a person using videoconferencing, except that the person will be simulated.

During the second decade of the next century, you won't need to stare at a screen to interact with these virtual creatures and tales

links. Visual displays will be built into your eyeglasses and give further instructions. Of course, we'll have to deal with the social implications of people talking to virtual personalities that no one else can see.

Like any other technology, these virtual avatars will emerge in a completely manner from overnight. Early versions exist today, and their limitations in language understanding and conversation knowledge are rapidly improving. By 2009, these avatars will not just pass the Turing test but, we won't notice

Afterwards, we had a great time. We made lots of new friends and I think we all had a great time. The food was delicious and the atmosphere was great. I would definitely go back again.



them for humans, but they will nonetheless contribute our interests-in with the world of explicit information, it seems to, education, and entertainment.

By 2015, a \$1,000 computer will have the processing power of the human brain, which is a necessary but not sufficient condition for creating computers with human-level intelligence. Nonetheless, virtual assistants circa 2015 will be very compelling, although we'll still be able to distinguish them from our human companions. At least that will be true most of the time.

In 2019, we'll be spending much of our time on normal malts. The "Malt rye" dis-

play and similarly discern a auditory sense from diffusion in a more highly enclosed environment, which will result in having real "isolation" or "secrecy". This will be the essence of the World Wide Web in 2010. Going to a Web site will mean entering a virtual reality environment, either by yourself as individual, build your business meeting in a virtual "Picasso" path, or have an audience encounter on a virtual secluded island.

By 2025, a \$1,000 computer will have a thousand times the processing power of the human brain. We will also have completed the reverse engineering of the human brain, which will enable us to create artificial ones.

and compassion that won't seem so well, another response. Neurological injuries will always that exceed human capacities. Once computers can match all human capacities, they will necessarily see programmed human intelligence as the ceiling; computers will be thousands of times faster and have far more prodigious memory. In addition, machines can share their knowledge. I'll spend years learning French; I can't download that knowledge to you. But one day we'll have a direct cognitive pathway.

"We will expand both human experience and intelligence through neural implants. This won't require surgery. The requisite

related Company Magazine recently compiled statistics on computer usage in homes and found that most users view their activity as being more expensive than leisure, which took home the gold for free-to-live big. The user's income also stands a good chance of being a plus or minus depending on how it can be conveniently used for investing, and from the software platform on your computer, internet heights. The losses are stored in an info packed sleeve, while the options are open, the margin is great and at the same time, your investment—whether stocks, bonds, mutual funds, real estate, or whatever—will be protected.

This blood pressure class is 50% net premium—contains all of the copayments, taxes, and brokers you need to contract from the insurer. It fits a tight budget to make sure you're not trapping it into trapping yourself—please phone system administrator (your medical plan's provider) or contact us if the broker in network fails your local rates can get the services you need.



brain structures will travel onto our body using neurons, which are at microscopic length scales. Millions of neurons will travel through the brain's capillaries and pass dendrites at synapses; connections already have methods for discerning what to communicate with neurons at both distances without requiring direct contact. In many instances technology will provide much more rapid delivery, by controlling all of the nerve fibers from all of our sensory and motor systems, so we will be able to communicate real reality more easily using these new

young implants. So you can debate Branting's on the web powers of his procedure, or the history of the procedure. Or do the Mayo Clinic's own research. Or do your own reading. I feel the cold water of science on this issue. That said, Branting's name may be the Colgate of implants. His implants are *very* long-term survivors. The *Posterior* is a Planted one. Of course, there may be a small change.

and otherwise greatly expand your cognition and creative abilities.

Now that this is out in the open I've got to defend my numbers. Before the next step occurs, it is conceivable that due to the high cost of cryonics, people will wait mass with even technology. There won't be a clear distinction between human and machine. After all, what is the difference between a human being on Earth and a household by name implants and a technological endoskeleton based on the detailed nervous system mapping of the human brain yet vastly expanded?

# Is Ditka Nuts?

MIKE DITKA IS A BETTING MAN

WHETHER IT'S A ROUND OF GOLF,  
A HAND OF CARDS, OR  
THE ENTIRE FUTURE OF THE NEW ORLEANS SAINTS,  
MAN, DOES LIFE AT SIXTY GET ANY BETTER THAN THAT?

BY Mike Sager

IRON MIKE DITKA, A FOOTBALL MAN on his annual summer vacation, hunched forward in a hard spindle chair in a country-club locker room, playing a friendly game of gin. His legs are splayed, thighs like hams, right knee pumping like a piston. One hour in, he is \$700 down. He blows a cloud of acrid blue smoke from a girthy eight-inch Dominican. Tap-tap-tap goes his heel, the tender meat of his swollen



able, making suddenly out of the low-cut upper of his dusty leather loafers.

He starts the shiny-fendered slat. Former Future OpenX salutes coolly into the center of his thin-lipped grin, beneath the salt-and-pepper whale-breath of his trademark mustache, then pushes up the hood he's been drafting. It is an unseasonably summer afternoon, cool and dry in the suburbs of Chicago, a slow hour south through traffic and consciousness by launch board downtown, from the Tropicana Hotel, Duff's house away from home, the site of his next round. Iron Mike's Grille, a sports bar with the air of a white-cushioned-music house, a fierce antidote of the parts of Iron Mike, featuring the Kick-Ass Freddie Stoen and the Tenacious Table For Four, a cigar bar upstairs.

The restaurant is located just off the Magnificent Mile, on Cheesman Street, one block of which was recently renamed Miles Duff Way, a tribute to a Windy City son whose popularity seems to grow with each passing year, a lone-someon they've called "the Hermit" and "Sobie" and "Randy Fife, Am," a rehabilitated anarchist as evidenced in Mayor Daley and Mrs. O'Leary's crew, a hard-nosed coach who brings a pound, presidential-city-a Super Bowl it will never forget. Payne, the Frigidaire, Stagbuck, and Middletown. Baby Ryan and the best defense the game has ever seen. A bunch of deep-tinted eyes with chips in their shoulders—internal, external, game or out. Goliathine, commanded and inspired by the original Goliathine himself, Da Coach, Iron Mike Duffa, son of a millworker from Claysburg, Pennsylvania, stamping the sidelines and spitting his game, throwing diphazard and grabbing face stumps, nose to nose and bellhops.

The Super Bowl, of course, was thirteen years ago this year. It's been six years since Duffa was dumped unceremoniously by the Bears. He swings his hands desperately into a nest fire in his left hand, the thick fingers of which sports a shiny diamond-and-emerald ring, created with a gold four-de-la, symbol of his current team, his car over new, another proud, prominent, politically compromised city by the water due pride itself on its food and music and home-grown soul. In the thirty-two-year history of the franchise, the New Orleans Saints have had eleven coaches and five winning seasons—the only club in the NFL that has never won a playoff game. Duffa arrived three years ago; his first two seasons were off at a distant passing 12-20. Now, in typical Iron Mike fashion—drawing from the same kind of inspiration, no doubt, that led him to transform a three-hundred-pound-anorexic human into a running back—Duffa has traded away half-baked 1999 draft and some of next year's for a disciplined, ironized, nose-and-toes-winked Hurricane Trophy winner with a cup size for an agent, coining a tripleplus site at the conservative front office around the league.

"A lot of people say I'm nuts," says Duffa about his choice of Team manager, back Rudy Williams as his man's enior. "People ask me if I'm giving away our future draft. For me, knowing the whole future of the Saints. Well, let me tell you. There is no future. This game is about winning. It's about trying to get as good as you can as often as you can."

Duffa draws a card, inserts it into his hand. He is at Olympia Fields Country Club, a former site of the Senior Open, a future site of the U.S. Open, a rambling, storied old club whose fine president was Amos Alman Stagg, himself a legendary Chicago football man who coached until the age of ninety-seven. The late-afternoon sun filters through the framed slightly bent in the vacuous ceiling of the plush, cavernous locker room, casting an epic glow upon a hybrid scene: the slip and slide of the sporty upper class, a room full of men in various states of prime and undress, putting books and setting poker, reaching into lockers, padding across the sex green carpeting wrapped in Terry cloth towels, an old black



# "There were times when I didn't like who the hell I was. I'd get mad at myself when I saw film of myself blowing up. Not that I'll never blow up again; I probably will. But heck, you know, you gotta try."

guitarist strumming in the background, calling everyone we, the colors of Old Spain and Right Guard, on the march and march, longtime in the air.

He checks easily, slipping the metal in a spot just left of the only pair of newly cracked Sheplers at the corner of the round table—one of two dozen in service for this high-stakes game of three men, round robin golf, delivered with great alacrity by the locker-room man, who was away with the heady flush of celebrity contact in evidence as his joyful consciousness, a golfer, fronting, one-shaded glasses, a crisp John Franklin clutched securely in his hand, the round-toned woodball of the day, professed already by Iron Mike from a flatiron or belt secured with a leather band, kept in the front right pocket of his expressively buxom shirt, a true store of speed masters—a cigar cutter, a boomer torch, a silver pocketknife with a plumb frameback secretary, and a think felt-tip marking pen used for signing a comment section of autographs, the most recent of which—"Best Wishes, Mike Drift"—was scrawled, today upon the discarded blank of a four-inch cigar butt excreted from the ground by a fan in a personal appearance three years ago and unused until that momentous occasion in a 20-pole barge.

Drift's wife of twenty years, Dennis, is a light-hearted Arkansas girl with a 15-landcard who once told a reporter from *New Orleans Magazine*, "I stick on a something, it's not going to be a something." Known affectionately as the Iron Lady, Dennis says that her husband is firmly feeling his age. "Mike's compounding for a spot of heaven," she quips. "When you go through the stages, you find some kind of peace." Mike has definitely changed. "I feel like it doesn't sound cool, that halo is gonna slip down and dunk him."

Druka admits that the joints are beginning to catch up. Physically, the wear and tear is evident. He walks a bit like a pugnacious grommet suddenly when regaining stature. A previously damed from bone ligament in the knee, two artificial hips, an arthritic shoulder, a mouthful of replacement teeth. One heart attack, an angioplasty, a procedure last March to shock his heart back into rhythm. Large scars, chiseled face, crowned with his familiar plume of lilywhite hair, it numbered a peculiar, flat shade of cherry red, a sole effluvium of his hairy medallion. Just yesterday, he sprained his ankle during his produce show tour along the lifeline.

Drift says he's "matured" since a little differently. The things that seemed so important when you were young don't seem so important now. You seem realizing that the greatest gift you've got are life, health, family, friends, your spiritual belief. I had a far more serious with myself than I did a couple years ago. I think those were times when I didn't like who the hell I was. I would get mad at myself when I saw film of myself blowing up on the evening news. Not that I'll never blow up

again. I probably will. But heck, you know, you gotta try. There's a greater saying than says hell comes when the person we come across faces with the person we ought to like. That's where regret. And I don't want no life of regrets. I want to be the kind of person I should be."

Which doesn't mean he's quick to add, either. Iron Mike has lost his edge. "You can mellow by your actions, but you don't have to lose your drive, you don't have to lose your competitiveness," he says. "Anybody can be the best person they can be. That's the whole key, sir." To succeed in life you gotta have these same things. The first is attitude. That's basically the only thing you can control. If you have a bad attitude, you're gonna do very well what you get a chance. The second is character: who you stand for, what you believe in, knowing right from wrong. And then there's gotta come. You gotta be like what you do. You have to make a commitment to what you're doing. If you don't like something, then fuck, don't do it—don't do it! If you pass up for delete, you're gonna be deleted. If you settle for mediocre, you're gonna be mediocre. If you're gonna play, you gotta gotta play to win."

A commitment that brings us back to the States. True, New Orleans had given up hope. Drift returned to their team as the Anti. They showed up in the park with paper bags over their heads, called the Supreme House of Wins. Though last year Drift signed a contract extension that will guarantee him more than \$2 million a year through 2002, he has an intention of playing it safe. Appearing at the press conference last spring to introduce Williams, for new \$9-million-dollar baby, Drift wore a family deathmask wig to sober the newscasters. "We didn't care if people like him. He doesn't care who anyone thinks. He got the player he wanted. You look at Rudy and you see the way he looks, and people say our guy," says Drift. "But I think if John the Baptist came down to earth today, everybody would be put off by his looks, too. They'd say, 'Hey, I'm not following this guy any where—for gosh sakes, he eats locomo!' This is what borders us about our society. When somebody reaches the top like Rudy, they try to tear him down. It makes them any use. Rudy's the most talented running back to come out of college in years. Mark my words. These will prove that I'm a pretty sage person."

Drift promises his new crew nothing less than a Super Bowl of its own. "I hear all the experts say that the Soviets are more than one player away from the playoffs at the Super Bowl," he says. "Ridiculously, everybody is, except the teams who get chosen. But let me tell you, we're on player deservedness today. When people tried to stop the Bears in the eighties, they tried to stop one run, one big run, and it didn't matter if they did it, because we kept trying to run the football, and eventually we made it work. And we made it work because of one guy—Walter Payton. His made

our life better. He made our passing game better. He made our defense better because they weren't on the field that much. Maybe that's old fashioned, and maybe the new game of football don't see that way, but I don't really care. I'll let other people run their issues, and I'll run my issues, and we'll see what happens in the end, that's all."

IRON MIKE PUNCHES UP A DISCARD, smacks it in his hand. Tap-top rings his bell. When Drift was out of coaching, it was just, it really was, don't get him wrong. He'd wake up in the morning, and his bed decision was whether to sleep long pants or shorts, what shirt to choose. He played golf and went off long walks, twenty-six, fifty-five, sometimes in forty in a day—Iron Mike Power Golf people called it, polo golf—and when the workload came, he got on a plane, flew to New York, did a TV show for NBC, then came around and flew back. It wasn't a bad life, wasn't any way, shape, or form. But it was an aimless life. There was no writing. There was no pride by which to measure himself, no importance to claim—it's not as if it was our war. Iron Mike was an Emcee for his bread-eating skills. There just didn't seem to be any purpose to what he believed was going. Iron Mike needed a purpose. When you read about Drift as a player—an All-American at Pre, a five-time Pre Bowler, the four-right and over elected to the Hall of Fame—the word you use most often is relentless. You had an easier life, certainly, surviving to pursue. Even when you're on vacation.

Seven and eight, she chances Fred, sitting to Drift's right, during our final check. Fred has been the big winner so far this afternoon, up \$1,900, but Drift has been a rock, remaining on strong. Tap-top rings his bell. During his playing days, having made a career in the open field, given the choice between running for daylight and leaving his head, Iron Mike would always choose the lot. Now he cuts his eyes to the right, gives Fred a sharp, sonorous look. "Fred, I'm gonna win," he says firmly, flashing an armful smile.

Fred L. Smith, of Las Vegas and Palm Springs, made a fortune in his family's food and drug business. Now he's retired to the good life, a grand chauk of which is devoted to his friendship with Iron Mike. A handsomeness, countenance man with garnet round spectacles and the gift of gab, he's a sharp, gaunt, and prettily white-set teeth, degree. He likes Colgate a lot, a shade of which he carries around with him everywhere in a portable brushed-brass container that resembles a small, ornate-finish Louis XIV card case, always shiny, and a history of a moral poker king. He goes nowhere that requires a sport coat. Don't even mention the word coat. As with Drift, the things Fred loves more in this life are golf, girls, the guys, his wife, his kid, and football, the order of which is up for debate.



IRON MIKE: ANONYMOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY DALE MCKEEHAN

Fred has never known any man as intense as Leon Mize. The two men over more than five years ago as a golf tournament. For the last three years, they've taken the monthly vacation together. Fred—who flies in his own Gulfstream IV to New Orleans for all the house's home games, who has his plane and pilot on stand-by for the next month because Drika has no qualms about flying through turbulent weather—doesn't mind calling you that. This vacation with Mike Drika is the absolute highlight of his year, something he never looks forward to as much as the last year is done. On the third finger of his left hand, he sports a diamond solitaire like the ring abandoned by Leon Mize's. Drika gave it to her at about a year ago. So touching was the scene, it lapsed over and strained voices, that Diana promptly suggested they take it off the next room. She also suggested, after much prodding, that something was missing, like maybe a floor-de-in ring for herself! So Drika ordered up a ring for his wife, and a massive three-carat oval pendant as well, just for good measure.

Diana is best friends with Fred's wife, Diane, so everything is very cozy. Diana that being a golfing holiday, Diana and Diane will crosscut the country playing golf, madeira-tasting occasionally with their husbands at interesting parties. Their separate vacations have already begun. While Fred and Leon Mize bunk at the Biltmore, Diana is ensconced a block away in the Ritz work member of her golfing girlfriends, a former ladies club champion and amateur college softball pitcher from Ole Miss. The odd arrangements don't worry one bit. Fred can play off the golf and gas smoke all the cigars, and keep any hours he likes. He can never feel reversal personal appearance obligations, keep around his烟民妻子 who always looks a tad smugger. Fred is ready immediately. Let the boys be boys, Diana figures. Let Mize enjoy himself. He's earned this, and it lightens her soul to see him with his friend. "Both of them can afford to do the things that make them happy," says Diana. "It's a great thing, because Mize has never really had a very best friend that he can talk on the phone and call about anything, whether it's me or friends or whatever. He can tell this man he loves him. They're like brothers."

Diana drops another card, reserves a seat for her husband. Across the table, another wealthy acquaintance, this one named Dick, is looking a bit uncomfortable. He is down \$1,200 in this round-robin game of golf—not to mention the steep price tag on his photocopier and ergonomic chairs. The truth of the matter is he has only \$300 in his pocket. But, boy, he's here with Leon Mize, having come from Milwaukee with his coach in the name of affairs. In some change, Mize comes, founded in the twenties by the father of Mize, home to some six hundred children and adults with

disabilities. Though Drika has hardly spoken a sentence in the last nine hours—for brilliant public fact actually before a non-mission, a sleep, breeding illnesses that was so forgetful he's even around—he will later, before the gathering of parents, write poems about Mizericordia, for which he has helped raise more than \$3 million over the last several years.

"I feel all the time about loving people," Drika will say, really in awe before the interrogations, looking out over the blue haze of cigar smoke that envelops the crowd, voice cracking with real emotion. "So like we are in our conditions in our love. We'll lose if we're loved back. We'll lose if the response is right. But the kids at Mizericordia don't care. They just love you. It puts everything back into perspective."

At the moment, however, the thing, looming greatest in Leon Mize's perspective is not loving people but something quite different, something he's been known for throughout his life: coming from Ireland, growing up on the poor, digging low and out of the hole in this game of life. A comment is at hand, and if he's given play, he's going to win. Headed forward in a hard quodille charr, right heel tap-tap-tapping, he drawls another card:

"Excuse me, Coach Drika?"

The young man from Mizericordia, coordinator of the event, has appeared at Leon Mize's side. He's got a service schedule in his hand. It is time for Drika to give him answers.

Leon Mize ignores the young man, snap straight into char. He places a card on the pile, face down. Four turns onto the game, it is now "Go," he says, maddly triumphant.

"Jesus Christ!" says Dick. " Didn't anybody shuffle the deck?"

"That Drika lack of tricking off?" says Fred. "Did I ever tell you the story about Mike playing gin against this guy work censor? The guy was killing him, and finally Mike just exploded. You are the high-class son of a bitch I have ever met," he told him. The guy died eight days later."

"Shhh, baby," says from Mike, ignoring the story, cracking a smile, elevating an infant role of the party. Dominance.

"Coach?" says the young man timidly. "So! Excuse me! Start Reserves now, she's ready for you. She says it's time for you to come on out."

Dika picks up a napkin of a pencil and a peek score pad, sets his pencil at the bottom of a column that has been labeled censor. He pushes the chaotic rubble of the past week clockwise out of the center of the round-table, gathers up the scores deck, begins shuffling the next hand, a football exec on vacation, playing a friendly game of gin, closing the gap. Seventy minutes, he is now \$400 down. He blows a cloud of acrid black smoke. Tap-tap goes his hand. "Till Saturday I'll be there in a minute," says Leon Mize Drika, once and for always. Dr. Coach, gathering up the hand, he slinks himself in

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# TURN IT ON

THE SEXIEST WOMEN ON TV SHOWS

YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY WANT TO WATCH

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW VERNON

Experience the dawn of history as we know it—as early as about 10 a.m. (Before Cable), when Grace Kelly appeared on *Today's Television Playhouse*—the women we've most loved to watch on the small screen have combined beauty and brains: Mary Tyler Moore, Elizabeth Montgomery, Julie Newmar, Suzanne Pleshette, Lindsay Wagner, Peggy Lipton.

Of course, for every Peggy there seems to have been a dozen or so *Suzanne Somers*—easy on the eyes, yes, but also a little too vicuous to hold our interest for very long. Despite some notable exceptions (*Julia*'s Marjorie comes to mind, as does *Julia*'s Marjorie, and *Julianna Margulies*), this has been especially true in recent years. Who'd complain about grating at *Brooke Shields*? Plenty of guys, as it turns out; it's more endearing the intensity of *Stargate* Stiles, the know-how of which never quite rises to the level of inspired stupidity that excuses the time we've spent with, say, *Charisma Carpenter*.

This fall, however, the networks feature not one, nor two, but at least four shows that are more than mere vehicles for brazen bimbos. They are shows you might actually want to watch for reasons other than the women who star in them, even if, as you can see, those women are reason enough.

## LAW & ORDER: SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT: MARISKA HARGITAY

**CHARACTER:** A lawyer of indeterminate-looking New York City Department of Education handles sex crimes, **PERIODICITY:** Created by Dick Wolf, *Law & Order: Criminal Intent* (TV series) By the time of this issue, the 10th season of *SVU* will premiere.

**SIGNATURE SNACKS:** Hot dogs and pretzels, revisited by recent (and undeniably anatomical) events. If the show's regulars like *Sex & the City*, then you will too; watching the characters' dinner, the often full with liquor, is a hoot.

**MARISKA ON HER CHARACTERS:** "Detective Olivia Benson is really competent, really intelligent. What I like best about her is her focus and her strength and her sense of law and her ability to do her job. She's a good person. She's a good mother. She's a good wife. She's a good friend. She's a good person for a mother and going over the case and feeling every tiny detail is part of her job. She doesn't stress unnecessarily at all. She's not there to provide color there to get the job done, to try hard to cover the angles."





Photographs by KOTO BOLOFO



# WORKINGMAN MUSCLE

The blue-collar giants who once labored in port cities like Baltimore helped create America, and a utilitarian style of sportswear that's now exported around the globe

TOP PAGE: Jim Boyce, a reclining supermodel for Incotex. Above: Andrew, seen in a dramatic coat that looks as if it could

have come off a "Working Party" poster from the 1930s, when workers were encouraged to wear up wool coats (\$195) by Abbigliamento Sociale, and women's hats made of latte-colored Persian rug wool coats (\$195) by Abbigliamento Sociale. Above: House Reborn gets a helping hand from Lucio Andraitchuk, who wears a double-breasted version of the piece. This number is cut from coarse, ruggedly handsome wool. Wool coat (\$410) and wool trousers (\$275) by Studio Fabio, wool cap (\$120) by Augusto Herzer and sweater by Jil Sander; boots by CK Sherriff.



the next. The shirt worn by shop supervisor Roger Tolos, here atop a propeller, takes wing to a new level. It comes with a plume of on/off products, has a double-life band, and even wings around the waist, varying from represent peaks in their movement pieces. Zip front coat and sporcket (left) (\$795), wood cross-over jacket (\$218), and Reindeer wood trousers (\$125); by Richard Edwards, under bare-up blouse (\$145) by Copperfield, model 00595 (\$135); by Paul Smith Accessories

**OPPOSITE PAGE:**  
Anne Eros  
Balenciaga along  
with David Duke,  
and others. Contradiction trench-coat  
(\$1,395), zip-front  
wool sweater  
(\$1995), and cotton  
and polyurethane  
track pants (\$175)  
by Calvin Klein.

Her top by  
Roberto, shorts  
by Michael Perry



OFM  
00595  
8



man above: Michael Roda's coat; jacket has recycled front panel or military green, on which case of camouflage is a prime sequencer. Tie: the wool plaid worn by up-and-coming plumber Jeremy Wepricher is half foundry around the collar and to cut conspicuously in the right. Buttons: pyramid and diamond plaid (\$19.95); and top-front cardigan sweater (\$50) by Credence. Cotton shirt (\$13) and wool trousers (\$225) by Hilligso Collection.

OPPOSITE PAGE: THE

rest that's making  
superstar George Harron  
move: here, he's in a lot of  
the fish scales about town;  
the vest is signed with  
Milano stripes. But it's  
more refined than that,  
and Harron's all blood  
and down, too. Knitwear:  
Silk sweater (\$125) by  
R.L.S. Poldi-Pezzini; cotton  
flannel shirt (\$145);  
cotton or cotton-blend  
sweater (\$49.95); and  
wool trousers (\$345).  
Polo by Ralph Lauren.  
Tie-father face-up bowtie  
(\$150) by Chippioni.  
His sweater: Polo by  
Ralph Lauren; dress by  
Dolce & Gabbana.





OPPOSITE PAGE  
Though meant for  
car tires, these  
pads, with a woven  
length and pleated  
front, cost the  
sheer fabric worn  
by military tank  
mechanics and  
crew during the  
Second World War.  
Coat and shear  
pads (\$670) and  
duster (short \$130)  
by Helmut Lang.

OPPOSITE PAGE  
Robin along the  
Balmain sand  
tram. Top and  
skirt by Prada,  
sweater by Jil  
Sander, shorts by  
Michael Perry





PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN STICKLER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Eva Andre Picard,  
here wearing Belmores's  
fitted, fitting row-houses,  
wore what could be best  
described as a casual  
non-matching jacket  
and trousers inspired by  
a yard worker's uniform.

Boots with metal pocket  
(\$195), fur-trimmed wool  
sweater (\$315) and  
wool scarf (\$125) by  
Ginger Rogers.

Silk blouse (\$100) by  
Ardene, wool cap  
(\$20) by Argent.

Roger Taylor (\$6), and George Harris  
wear similar casual wear often in sparsely  
furnished, rugged, plain-style rappers in  
the Bronx. Crafts, for example, and  
high-heeled walking in the Bronx makes  
a practical extra warmth for winter.  
From left: Blouson jacket (\$100)  
(\$1,095), cotton poplin polo (\$1,95)  
(\$1,995), cotton mesh trousers (\$3,95)  
(\$3,995), and wool-on-wool jacket  
(\$25) by Armani.



# What I've Learned F. Lee Bailey

Defense attorney, 66, West Palm Beach, Florida

Interviewed by Cal Fussman

I've never regretted getting anyone out of jail.

I'm slow to accept accusations simply because somebody made them. On the other hand, I'm inclined to trust people until they give me a reason not to.

I've had three divorces. All were accomplished without the need of a lawyer. Sex has caused at least half the problems my clients have suffered over the years.

There are always too many lawyers; there are never enough good ones.

I'd have to go down as an agnostic. If you had to prove the existence of a supreme being in a court of law, the question would be, could you enter the Bible as evidence? Then, could you prove that? I'd never take a note during a trial. I like to throw direct quotes at a witness. "Did you say that?" And I quote...."If he says no, I'll say, 'Do you realize that you said just that on page 40, and so?' He realizes that I've just quoted him directly without having a piece of paper in front of me. After a while, the witness gets frightened. He says, "I'm not sure." So I pull out the paper. At the end of the day, if he's a sketchy witness, I might give him a quote he didn't say, and he'll admit, "Yeah, I think I said that." I did that once with the chairman of the board for a big bank. He adopted a quote he never said and admitted it fully. The case settled the next day.

Not only does the Atkins diet work, but you can eat all the butter you like.

Fear is something you have to throw into a corner. Constantly. Because it never goes away.

Nobody is born with an expertise in sex; more than they're born to be a good witness. They have to be taught.

Truth makes me think of a parachute rigger. The rigger is the guy who stuffs the parachutes. In my day, a pilot always wore a parachute, and the cigar's name was always on it. That way, the pilot could hand it to the rigger at any time and make him jump.

I'm satisfied that O. J. didn't do it.

People ask how I do all the things I do. They say, "How do you find the time?" Time is an elusive concept. There is no time to find. People who are busy make time, they don't find it.

My parents divorced when I was eight years old. At the time, I thought that they had done us a disservice. But as you grow up, you realize that you're not the only consideration. Five hours a night has always been adequate.

Every son has a batty father and doesn't get the attention he deserves.

Because of my military training, I had no difficulty disciplining myself to live within the parameters imposed upon me when I was recently in jail.

When I was three years old, I was crying about not being able to get a tricycle—this was during the Depression—and my mother said, "You'll get anything you want in this world if you work hard enough for it. And if you don't get it, stand in front of the mirror and ask yourself why. The answer will be looking right at you."

There are two lawyers in a case. One of them thinks he's got a bad case. That lawyer wants me to sue the jury with an IQ in three figures.

You can whack me once in the back, and I can take it. But that's the last time it'll ever happen. Laughing pains don't count. ■



# nick nolte is racing the clock to repair the damage

In the laboratory with the mad scientist of Malibu

By DANIEL VOLK

There's a tiny mall in Malibu. The surf crashes right across the highway. At the RadioShack, Frey the sales geek helps me select a new microcurrent recorder. He asks what I'm up to. I tell him: I'm interviewing a guy.

"Who?" he asks. "I don't want to be pushy."

"It's okay," I assure. "It's Nick Nolte."

"Cool—why didn't you say so? I like coming in here all the time buying parts for his microscope. Science is his thing. He's got a big microscope."

Nolte's rare car—a compact is a few cycles west of RadioShack, back to the left,



Photographs by JEFF CHESTER



away from the main... you're a bummer, the gas spout, and I'd love to... landscapers, a couple of trees. A couple bushes on the property. Gardening everywhere. A big yellow Lab with a plastic megaphone around its neck barks out of the main house. That's about the house in a page. Follow the dogma.

Nolie is standing in the center of a large room, wearing a black long-sleeved T-shirt and undershirt. Color Klein paper on the couch. Leaf on a hill under the hill on the same tawny color as the Labrador and flies back over his ears and flares above his forehead and down into his eyes. He peers through his hand at me, and there is an energy in those eyes, a crazy vitality. He is making a little something in a small cup, a brown potter, looks earthy. There's a chapter and a spoon and he's writing and this he drinks of down. I wait for him to say anything. But he just looks at me. Finally, I shake his hand and say, "Congratulations on the Nobel prize. Can we talk about your last science project?"

"Great." Nolie says, sets up his hands like together. "I've evolved deep into dark field blood work. Let's go a piece."

Up the stairs we go, through a creaky wooden noise of plates with soft whispers, watercolors, and power tools, into a massive,

high-ceilinged upper room that looks over a garden. This is his bedrooms and laboratory. A schoolboy's dream of a room. A Buddha watches over the large, book-lined bed. Naked women with earphones add a tinge. Another dog comes in and sniffs us out. And then there it is, in an alcove where he does his work, a vintage, professional-grade Orthoflex microscope.

Nolie stands in front of the microscope, eyes wide, a sideways look, mouth cocked open. "Aly blood?" he asks. "Dr. yours?"

I tell him I'm separated about needles.

He looks at me and grunts, voice deep as a lion's. "You'll have to give over that if you want to do blood tests."

He peels his fingers, separates a drop of his blood. "We'll want the few drops. We've got to get closer a little deeper." His fingers separate, a second perfect drop onto a glass slide, which he slips under the microscope. "Our blood sits on everything. By watching your blood, you become centralized to yourself a way that you have never been connected." He's flipping switches. Light passes through the lens, illuminating the blood cells. The picture is projected on a nearby monitor.

"Yes, you, that's it." He's pointing at cells moving on the screen. "Here's a red blood cell moving, perfectly round. When you're young, the red cells are plump and shiny— that's what you want." He points out a dying cell. "We watched my blood deteriorate over twenty-four hours. You'll actually see long strings of bacteria coming out of them as they decay." He hangs on the word decay, grinning at a single word epithet.

The blood cells are quite beautiful, but all of a sudden the microscope is smoking. It's like a magnifying glass that has been left in the sun and now there's fire inside. "What?" he says, surprised, blasting at the smolder. "What? What's been burning with that?"

He tries to close the lens, but it's too hot. "It's so terred," he says. "Oh, sir!" He might have burned himself a little. "Ouch, Austin, Austin, what have you done?" he exclaims. The smoke starts up again. Small puffs of it, like smoke signals.

"Austin?" Nolie bellows, calling his realize your old son.

Brawley walks across the hall, and I'm one to hasten down. I strip the plastic sheeting and walk into the space that Brawley calls his office. He and his new friend, Austin, are hunched over separate computers playing EverQuest. The game takes hours to cross a virtual landscape. The screen is pitch black except for the glowing numbers, and it's chugging, incredibly loud. I have to shout over that noise.

The microscope is still smoking as the boys shuffle into the lab, wanting to know what happened. They crowd around Nolie's shoulders, looking at me.

"Squashed! I hear on this table while I was out of the house," Nolie says. "That is my personal conclusion." He looks at Austin, a shoulder laid with acne, a real who kid, who says, "I got blamed for everything around here. I could be fifty miles away and you'd still blame me."

Austin is the son of Brawley's uncle. They met when Austin's dad was trying to help Brawley cope with Nick's disease from

Brawley's mom for years ago. Then the shrub horned got it scared, and now the two boys are best friends. Sometimes Austin sleeps on the floor next to Brawley's bed.

The boys want to check out the ins of the microscope, and Nolie cuts a flashlight on. "Mayflies are aging problem," Nolie says. They all pull through the stroke at the micro workshop. Even though Nolie is fifty-eight, and Brawley and Austin are twelve and thirteen, the three look like colleagues, and not much, their late adolescence. They hang out here, for fun, sometimes, without visitors, plotting new science projects, along with Nolie's girlfriend, the comic actress Vicki Lewis. The compound is packed with ten computers, each with a large color monitor, and Nolie has his own Internet service account. In Brawley and Austin, he finds Nick. No big deal. He's grown up kind with a cooler head and the best toys.

He has blood work has been more refined, and his frustration is beginning to show. He doesn't want to do it, doesn't want to do it, because Brawley's a good kid, and he's all working out this paternalistic relationship. Anyways, you can't yell at them, he states. If you yell, they'll just move around and sit back down things. Ah, hell. "Mayle [sic] should be the reason of my heat for a while," Nolie says. "It's not that it's down for me, let it cool down."

"We should test his blood type?" Brawley says, grins.

Nolie lets out his blood type. Nolie is married and looks so young. Suddenly, all three of them are looking at the computer.

Austin reaches out, finger tips with alcohol. "This will hardly last at all," he says. "Where have a joke? Stretching to get your mind off it? Okay, how many blends can you fit into a tank? I mean, sir, that's not it. Meets, four blends did it in a minute—where's the money?"

He pinches my fingers and Nolie squeezes a drop of blood into the test strip.

"The test could've held right?" Austin says.

Nolie says, "Brawley, Austin, read this to me. What's the protocol?"

"Um, protocol," Austin says. "Step one, okay, wait for thirty seconds, rub it across the thing for thirty seconds."

Brawley studies how the blood instantly starts breaking up, like red paint in the rain. "I think it's A negative," he says. "Me and Austin are the same type. A negative."

As he waits for the results, Nolie looks over in the wreckage of the microscope, flipping switches again, and says, "It's absolutely broken. Now I'm frustrated." He breathes. Austin. He's not going to yell. He knows it can get fixed, damage can be repaired—that's one of the things he's learned. You just have to go to the expert. He knows a guy who can fix it, but still, he's feeling a little jagged. Meanwhile, Brawley was right. I'm A negative.

Nolie pushes away from the microscope. "Who wants a shot of B LP?" he asks.

No, thank you, I say. My needle problem. Maybe coffee? Or a donut?

No, no—"hehehe." This is her.

There is a small, gray medical cabinet on his desk. One drawer labeled SYRINGES. Another drawer labeled THERMOMETERS. He takes out a narrow-gauge needle.

"Don't worry," Brawley says. "He does that all the time."

Every night, for instance, before he goes to bed, Nolie fills a syringe with Six of human growth hormone, which is generally illegal unless you are a child, and shoots it into his stomach. So far, so figures, we'll all pair take a pill, cascaded with all the instructions and hormones our body needs, grafted toward specific tissues, no natural aging. Until then, he'll keep buying on the underground market. "All the old guys are doing it now," he says. "A lot of corporate executives. If Charlie Rose and Larry King aren't on human growth hormones," for sure, laughing, they're thinking about it. I guarantee you, if you want to keep a step ahead of the competition.

"And if I'm feeling a little stressed," Nolie says, "I'll come in and shoot a little B with a little pull of Epiject, which is good for the heart, and a little B-12."

In North Dallas Forty, he plays an over-the-hill football player who shows remarkable agility for his age. "I like needles," the broke-down halfback declared. "Anything to keep me in the game."

"Nothing to it," Nolie says. When he's really stressed or feeling depleted, he sits an IV bag with thirteen different vitamins

SHANE & CHARLES: "WE HAVE THE GENE WE LL SCRUB THE AUTOPTIC BEFORE IT GETS BACK TO OUR SYSTEM."







HOME IN THE MIND LOVINS

cool." Nale opens the window and calls out, "Kerry, Jerry, come in, stat, come in." The cat rubs up against Nale's hand. It's very big. Nale stops after the master bathroom, pads the cat up off the roof, and heads it to me. "It's real afternoon," Nale says.

Brewster and Andie vanish into their cave, leaving to go back on line. I follow Nale down the wide, wooden stairs, carrying the cat, so close sailing deep into an arm. I am hearing winter trickling. I look to the ceiling. The Lubrakers, its tail bunging the wall, comes around the corner. The cat is holding on to my favorite for dear life. Now the floor is wet all around our feet, and we're slipping out way down the stairs. I feel without knowing down my pants. The cat has been passing straight over me into the air. Nale now looks down for the first time and sees the puddle he's standing in.

"Ooh, John, who passed all over the place?"

"It wasn't me," says Andie, sucking his head out of the cave. "I need your credit-card number. Brewster and I found plans for an albatross on the Internet."

"You know where the card is," Nale says.

The cat leaps from my wrists and tail. Nale crashes down

with a towel and is sopping up the mess. He looks up at any one named Lubraker. "I look like you're going to need some presents," he says.

He breaks up the towels and mops some down. They are like hot, soft, wet white paper. Toss them out and wait for him to come back. A few minutes later, he slowly descends the stairs, rubbing his hair and screwing up his face a little.

"How to give myself another for it [sic]?"

**EATING SHIPS HIS MIND** SUMMERSIDE: It is midnight and sits, for a handful of hours, in his house alone.

"You hungry?" he asks.

He pulls on a flimsy pair of canvas shorts, goes in search a small flashlight, picks up a basket. "To the garden?" he says. "I'll cook you some dinner."

The garden is fenced with garlic plants to keep rabbits and moths out. Only one garlic has gotten past the garlic, but it's driving. Nale cuts the bulb he and the gardeners have dug on their hair for the garlic are wide and deep enough to fit a body in, stretching in one direction and another. "We drove poison in," he says, "and the garlic throws it back out."

Tell others about faces as we burn for recognition, which are flowing down between the continents. Voices all around our fire. And we're looking for sounds. And we're coming upon watershed. Nale is in his kitchen, roasting a round in his pajamas. "Gooches, squabs, squabs, squabs," he mutters to himself. "Oh, these are nice. I'll have some of those. I'll take some of those. These are buttahines. I'm gonna slice 'em and spread 'em a little bit to allow oil with some of the Valencias."

As he's walking down the stairs, singing at the bottommost, he's calling about this year's Academy Awards. "Everybody gets nominated," Nale says, "but everybody gets snubbed, a little bit. But usually everybody gets nominated. It's horrible. It's revolting. No more than that you're one of only a few actors that have been nominated, or you're one of just a few directors—on the final nominating round. How can you be happy in that situation?"

"I was, I was glad for Robert De Niro, you know?" Nick says. "But it's not fair. I'd never run in 'loss.' During the commercial break, after the best actor award was presented, Nale saw that Edward Norton and Ian McKellen, his fellow nominees, were no longer in their seats.

"I know those f---ers" guys were at the bar. And I excuse myself and I find out, and I say, 'Motherf---ers?' And I run to me right off the bar, deadpan. "You know, Nick, I don't really see why you expected to get the award. You're nothing but a play version." I look at Lee, who played a homunculus in *A Good Year* and *Monsters*, and I say, "Look who's calling the kettle black!" and then we both turn to Ed, who played a character in *American History X*, and say, "What'd you think? Bald head and cannot write graffiti won?" And we all just started laughing.

Nale sat in his hands when they honored *Die Hard*. Sam Peckinpah's friend, Peter, had just won. Karate, of course, named Karate. "He's a good director," he says. "No question. So we would have had radio without *Die Hard*. What?"

In another decade of his life, he'd [continued on page 173]

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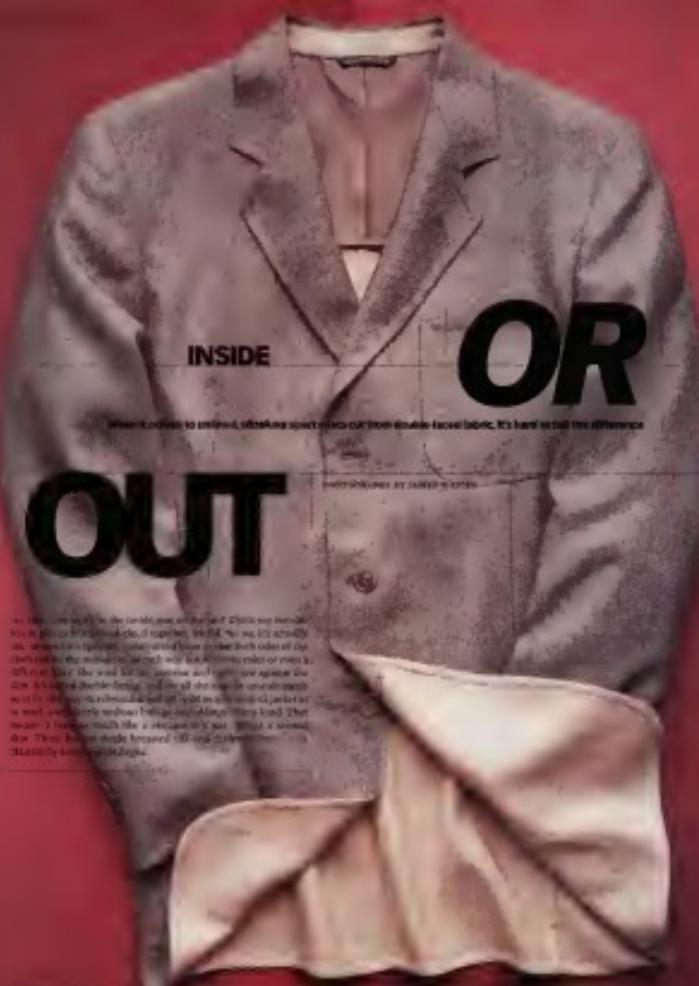
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INSIDE

**OR**

when it comes to stretch, stretching spandex out from double-faced fabric. It's hard to tell the difference.

**OUT**

we can do is to make up for it. This is what we must do to place our principles of responsibility, which we are so steadily losing, in their proper, commanding position. The code of the Constitution must be made an ever-living, living, part of every man's life. We must have the spirit of the Constitution again in our country, and the spirit of the Constitution again in our government. We must have the administration of right in every office, and we must have the administration of right in every place where public power is exercised. That is all I have to say.



# Nick

separations. Nick has a life blank of  
him for ever young. Her beauty and  
ability to sin and get away from him  
blame him for everlasting the whole  
of his life.

by Raymond Carver

esquirefiction



CAROL AND ROBERT MOREN were old friends of Nick's wife, Joanne. They'd known her for years, long before Nick met her. They'd known her since back when she'd been married to Bill Kelly. In those days, the four of them—Carol and Robert, Joanne and Bill—were newbuddies and graduate students in the university art department. They lived in the same house, a big house on Seattle's Capitol Hill, where they shared the rent, and a half room. They took many of their meals together and sat up late talking and drinking beer. They handed the work they'd done around to each other for criticism and inspiration. They even, in the last year they shared the house together—before Nick

appeared on the scene and met Joanne—brought an anonymous letter addressed together that they had during the summer months on Lake Washington. "Good times and bad, high times and low," Robert said, for the second time, drumming his fingers, laughing and looking around the table at the faces of the others.

It was Sunday morning, and they were sitting around the table in Nick and Joanne's kitchen in Albermarle, eating smoked salmon, scrambled eggs, and cream cheese on bagels. It was salutes that Nick had caught the summer before and then had swapped names because Nick had put the salmon in the freezer. He liked it that Joanne told Carol and Robert that he had caught the fish himself. She even knew—she'd been there—how much the fish had weighed. "This fish weighed sixteen pounds," she said, and Nick laughed pleased. Nick had taken the fish out of the freezer the night before, after Carol had called and talked to Joanne and said she and Robert and their ten-year-old daughter, Jenny, would like to stop on their way through town, on their way to the ocean.

"Can we be excused now?" Jenny said. "We want to go sharkboarding."

"The sharkboards are in the car," Jenny's friend, Megan, said.

"Take your plates over to the sink," Robert said. "And then you can go sharkboarding, I guess. You don't go far. Stay in the neighborhood," he said. "And be careful."

"Not at all!" Carol said.

"Sure, it is," Joanne said. "It's fine. I wish I had a sharkboard. I'll do it just like it."

"But good gosh," Robert said, going on with what he'd been rambling about their winter days. "Right?" he said, catching Joanne's eye and grinning.

Joanne nodded.

"Those were the days, all right," Carol said.

Nick had the feeling that Joanne wanted to ask them something about Bill Daly, but she didn't. She smiled, held the words a moment too long, and then asked if anybody would like more coffee.

"I'll have some more, thanks," Robert said. Carol said, "Nope," and put the palm of her hand over her cup. Nick shook his head.

"Shouldn't we have salmon left?" Robert said to Nick.

"Nothing ready to fly," Nick said. "You get up early and you go out on the water, and if the wind isn't blowing and it doesn't rain on you, and if the fish are in and you're egged up properly, you might get a strike. The odds are that, if you're lucky, you'll lead one out of every four fish that bites. Some men devote their lives to it, I guess. I fish once in the summer months, and that's it."

"Do you fish out of a boat or what?" Robert said. He said that he did it in an afterglow. He wasn't really interested, Nick felt, but thought he had to say more since he'd brought it up.

"I have a boat," Nick said. "It's berthed down at the marina."

Robert nodded slowly. Joanne poured her coffee and Robert looked at her and grinned, as if glad for the interruption. "Thanks, be it so."

Nick and Joanne saw Carol and Robert every six months or so—more often than Nick would have liked, to tell the truth. It wasn't that he disliked them; he did like them. He liked them better, in fact, than any other of Joanne's friends

had done. He liked Carol's bitter sense of humor, and the way he had set up a store, including its own fixtures, probably, that it usually was. He liked Carol, too. She was a pretty, cheerful woman who still did an occasional acrylic painting—Nick and Joanne had bought one of her paintings, a girl, on their bedroom wall. Carol had never been anything but pleasure to Nick during the times they'd spent together. But sometimes, when Robert and Joanne were reminiscing over the past, Nick would find himself looking across the room at Carol, who would hold her look, smile, and then give a little shake of her head, as if none of this talk of the past were of any consequence.

Still, from time to time when they were at each other's company, Nick wouldn't help feeling that an unspoken judgment was being made, and that Robert, or not Carol, still should be free to break up Joanne's marriage without fail and ending their phylogenies.

They saw each other in Albermarle at least twice a year, once at the beginning of summer, and once again near autumn's end. Robert and Carol and Jenny made a long though tiresome trip west up the coast to the rain-forest country of the Olympic Peninsula, heading for a lodge they knew about near the ocean, and a place called Agate Beach, where Jenny would hunt for agates and sit up a leather pouch with stones that she took back to Seattle for polishing.

The three never stayed overnight with Nick and Joanne—accustomed to Nick they'd never been asked to stay, for one thing, though Nick was sure that Joanne would have been pleased enough to have them, if Nick had suggested it. But he hadn't. On each of those visits, they arrived in time for breakfast, as often they showed up just before lunch. Carol always called ahead to make the arrangements. They were practical, which Nick appreciated.

Nick liked them, but somewhere he was always made aware of their company, too. There'd never, not once, talked about Bill Daly in Nick's presence, or even to much as mentioned the man's name. Nevertheless, when the four of them were together Nick was sometimes made to feel that Daly was never very far from anyone's thoughts. Nick had taken Bill's wife on his boat, and now those old friends of Daly's were in the house of the man who'd come around that afternoon—indeed, the man who'd named all their love affairs down for a while. Which is a kind of betrayal of their old friend and loved one, Bill Daly, for Robert and Carol to be friends with the man who'd done that? To actually bring him back to the same house and see him pat his nose lovingly around the shoulders of the women who used to be the wife of the man they loved?

"Don't go far, honey," Carol said to Jenny as the girls passed through the kitchen again. "We have to be leaving soon."

"We won't," Jenny said. "We'll just share out fresh."

"See you this yr," Robert said. "We'll go plenty soon, you look." He looked at this watch.

The deer chased behind the children, and the grown-ups were back to a table they'd touched on earlier that evening—seemingly. Robert was in an audience in one of the Seattle high schools, and Carol worked in a boutique near the Pike Street Market. Between the two of them they didn't know anyone who was going to Europe or the Middle East that summer. In fact, several people, friends of theirs, had canceled their vacation plans to Italy and Greece.

"See America first, as my motto," Robert said. He went on to tell something about his mother and stepfather, who'd put some back from two weeks in Rome. Their luggage had been lost for three days—this was the first thing that'd happened. Then, the second night in Rome, walking down the Via Veneto in a sunburst and out from their hotel—the street was patrolled by men in uniform, carrying machine guns—his mother had had her purse snatched by a thief on a bicycle. Two days later, when they drove a rental car about the city to Italy in Rome, somebody sliced a tire and stole the hood off the car while they were in a museum. "They didn't take the battery or anything, you understand," Robert said. "They wanted the hood. Can you believe it?"

"What'd they come with the hood?" Joanne asked.

"Who knows?" Robert said. "But, in any case, it's getting worse for people over there—that's for sure—until we bombed. What do you guys think about the bombing? Didn't we ever think when we did that? What the hell, I think it's just going to make things worse for Americans. Everybody's a target now."

Nick sipped his coffee and tipped it before saying, "I don't know any longer. I really don't. To my memory, we all those bodies lying in pools of blood in the airports. I just don't know." He sipped his coffee some more. "The guys they rallied to over here said that we should have dropped a few nuclear bombs, maybe, while we were at it. I heard somebody say they should have targeted the place in a parking lot, while they were at it. I don't know what we should or shouldn't do over there. But we had to do something, I think."

"Well, that's a little severe, isn't it?" Robert said. "A parking lot? Like, take the place, you mean?"

"I said I didn't know what they should have done, but I said no, I think our response was necessary."

"Diplomacy," Robert said. "Economic sanctions. Let them feel it in their pocketbooks. That they'll straighten up and be right."

"Should I make some coffee?" Joanne said. "It won't take a minute. Who wants some raisin bread?" She moved the chair back and put up from the table.

"I don't eat raisin bread," Carol said.

"Me on them," Robert said. "I'm fat." He seemed to want to go on with what they were talking about, and then he stopped. "Nick, sometime I'll come down here and go fishing with you."

"Do it," Nick said. "You're welcome to come anytime. Come over and stay as long as you'd like."

"Where's the best time to go?"

"July is the best month. But August is good too. Even the first week of August." He started to say something about how he'd lost it when he was fishing in the evenings, when most of the boats had gone in. He started to say something about the time he'd had to lay a log on the middle of the night.

Robert seemed to consider for a minute. He didn't seem all of his life. "I'll do it. I'll come this summer—or July, if that's all right."

"It's fine," Nick said.

"What will I need in the way of equipment?" Robert said, surprised.

"Just bring yourself," Nick said. "I have plenty of gear."

"You can use my cp," Joanne said.

"But then you couldn't fish," Robert said. And suddenly

that was the end of the talk about fishing. Soon after, Nick could see, the prospect of going together in a boat for hours on end made Robert and Joanne feel uneasy. Not only because he couldn't see any more for their relationship than acquaintances in this room; Robert never slept during breakfast and logging over coffee. It was pleasant enough, and it was rare enough that they appreciated it. It was just not... meaningful. Most likely he'd even passed up an occasional trip to Seattle with Joanne, because he knew she'd want to stop at the end of the day at Carol and Robert's for coffee. Nick would make an excuse and say he had, and found himself invited for a few minutes. But what if they had talked about Daly? Joanne was Ned's now. Once he would have felt inferior to her. He loved her still, and she loved him, but he didn't feel that inferior now. No, he wouldn't kill for her now, and he had a hard time understanding how it'd even keep that way in the first place. He didn't think that she—or anybody, for that matter—could ever be worth killing someone else for.

Jonnie stood up and began clearing the plates from the table.

"Let me help," Carol said.

Nick put his arms around Joanne's waist and squeezed her, as if vaguely ashamed of what he'd been thinking. Joanne stood still, slightly bent over the table, and let him hold her. Then her face reddened slightly and she moved a little, and Nick let go of her.

The children, Jenny and Megan, opened the door and ran back into the kitchen carrying their snowboards. "There's a fire down the river," Jenny said.

"Somebody's house is burning," Megan said.

"A fire?" Carol said. "It's a real fire, may I know?"

"I didn't hear any fire trucks," Joanne said. "Did you hear any fire trucks?"

"I didn't hear any," Robert said. "You kids guy play now. We don't have much longer."

Nick stepped to the bay window and looked out, but nothing out of the ordinary seemed to be happening. The side of a house faced the black in clear, rainy weather at eleven; the morning was incomprehensible. Besides, there had been no alarms, no calls of carbon monoxide or ring of bells, or wail of sirens and horns of a police car. It seemed to Nick that had to be a part of a game the children were playing.

"This was a wonderful household," Carol said. "I lived in it. I feel like it could roll over and go to sleep."

"Why don't you do it?" Joanne said. "We have that extra room upstairs. Let the kids play, and you guys take yourselves a nap before starting off."

"Go ahead," Nick said. "Sleep."

"Carol's just kidding, of course," Robert said. "We couldn't do anything like that. Could we, Carol?" Robert looked at her.

"Oh, no, not really," Carol said and laughed. "But everything was as good, as always. A champagne bottle without the champagne."

"The best kiss," Nick said. And Nick had just drinking his

**Joanne was Nick's show. Once he would have killed for her. He loved her still, and she**

**Loved him, but he didn't feel that obsessive now. No, he wouldn't kill for her now, and he**



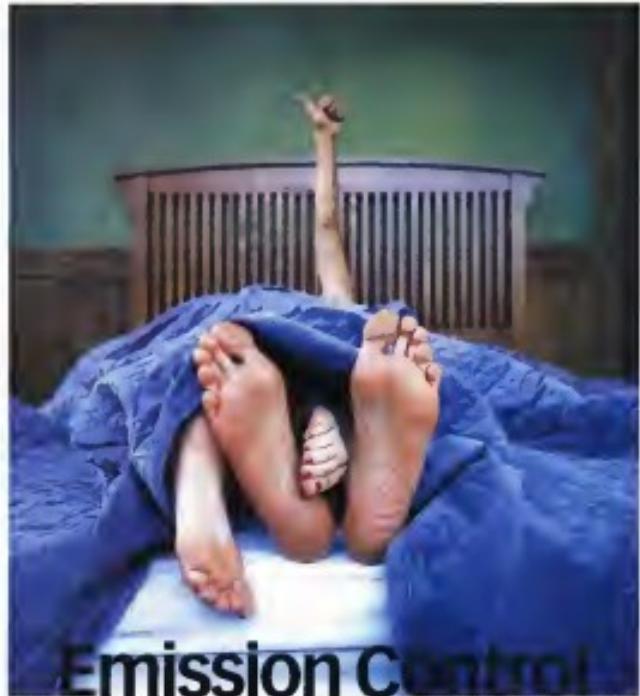
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BY MYATT MUSPHE

# The Male Animal



## Emission Control!

Thanks to one biotech company, the promise of a Pill-style prophylactic for men may finally take off

If it please the court, we now present one Peter McElroy, who responded to a paternity suit brought by his ex-wife (held with a lawsuit of his own). His charge: breach of contract, fraud and conversion of property. The property in question was his semen, the conversion — a bouncing baby girl. True story.

It would not, it turns out, please the court, which earlier this

year dismissed the case of "The misappropriated sperm." But the debate raises an obvious yet often overlooked point: In a world where half of all pregnancies are accidents, and accidents lead to unexpected children or abortions or two decades of support payments, it would arguably behoove men to wake up and shoulder more responsibility for the birth control burden. Unfortunately

choices in male prophydrogyn production have always been fine and unpredictable, consisting mostly of using sterilization to force or forcing men to leave or doing them with that-banned-the-goods, as far as possible, all the right choices.

If the scientists at Immunocon had identical basic technology firm speculating in the avoidance of unplanned paternity of any kind, have their way, however, it now

would soon appear in the medical community who just received a patent for what it believes will be a decidedly more appealing option—that not only would protect the Peter Williams of the world but would actually increase the amount of sex enjoyed by committed couples and just maybe improve its quality too.

Immunocon is set to perform clinical trials with the first reversible male contraceptive

vaccine—an injection potentially capable of rendering a guy infertile without castration. But “One shot delivered in the arm 6-18 weeks would require to sterility within 1-3 months for an entire year,” says Immunocon’s president, Alan Rosen. In other words, keeping your boys off the playpen, it could require so little effort that it’s remembering her birthday.

This male method would provide roughly the same contraceptive assurance as, say,

**3000 B.C.E.**  
Ancient physicians plug the inverse with various mixtures of honey and saffron to stop sperm from swimming in urine, apparently a penis oil consisting of honey and sour milk with lead.



**1000 B.C.E.**  
A Jewish physician recommends that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).

**400 B.C.E.**  
An ancient Roman doctor advises men that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).



**1st Century A.D.**

Pliny the Elder (the most famous early pediatrician) recommends that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).

**10th Century**  
Imperial court physician Anto of Amiens advises men that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).

**15th Century**  
Italian writer and physician Nicolo Leoni recommends that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).

**16th Century**  
Italian cardinal Cesare Baronio, best known for his work on the Vulgate, advises men that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).

**17th Century**  
Italian writer and physician Girolamo Mercuriale recommends that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).

**18th Century**  
Italian writer and physician Girolamo Mercuriale recommends that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).

**19th Century**  
Italian writer and physician Girolamo Mercuriale recommends that women of fertility use several mixtures including coitus interruptus (the vaginal opening with either oil or an olive oil mixture with lead).

## Immunocon's male birth-control vaccine is just the latest in a long line of contraceptive attempts, some of which have been more effective (or more odd) than others.



**10th Century**  
Greek physician Anselmus de Bilitio recommends that men drink a concoction of caper berries, saffron, and lime over the cervix. The idea is to acidify the cervix so sperm can’t penetrate.



**Early 20th Century**  
Germans invent a high-voltage wireless device with cartridges covered with zinc oxide to break up sperm. The idea is to neutralize the sperm so they won’t hurt every female involved.



**1910s**  
French inventors create the first contraceptive capsules that apply when inserted to the cervix. The idea is to neutralize the sperm so they won’t hurt every female involved.



**1940s**  
French companies mass-produce Thiod and Vacutene, they allow a man virtually no-sperm.



**1950s**  
American Army doctors develop Dezafoon as the first oral contraceptive. It contains progesterone and diethylstilbestrol, though it also takes care of the breasts.



**1960s**  
French companies mass-produce Thiod and Vacutene, they allow a man virtually no-sperm.



**1970s**  
American Army doctors develop Dezafoon as the first oral contraceptive. It contains progesterone and diethylstilbestrol, though it also takes care of the breasts.



7:01:00  
BEFORE TOPPIK



7:01:30  
AFTER TOPPIK



7:01:30  
AFTER TOPPIK

“It really looked like more hair was being created... amazing.”

—KYW-TV Business News, Philadelphia



7:01:30  
AFTER TOPPIK

## A Full Head of Hair in 30 Seconds!

AT LAST there is a safe, natural way to eliminate the appearance of baldness and thinning hair. It's not a spray, cream or capsule. In fact, it's scientifically advanced that it's a solid! And anything you've ever used before.

TOPPIK is an amazing new complex of organic microfibers that immediately bind with your own hair.

Toppik fibers are made of pure Keratin, the same protein your hair is made from. Through a unique process they are specially treated to merge undetectably with your hair.

### Add "Hair" to Your Hair

You apply Toppik by simply shaking it gently over your thinning area. In seconds thousands of tiny color matched hair fibers will intermix with your own hair. "Mimicram" with some electricity, they bond so securely that they will stay in place all day and night.

### Durable and totally unpredictable

Toppik won't come off in wind, rain or perspiration. It is totally undetectable, even from as close as two inches. Toppik stays securely in place giving a natural-looking thickened fullness until the next time you shampoo. It is also totally compatible with Mineral and Hairspray.

### A Safe, Effective Option

Speaking of medical treatments, Toppik is recommended by doctors because it is completely safe and works amazingly well with hair transplants.



Great for women too!

No matter what your condition, if you are concerned about visible hair loss, Toppik will change the way you feel about yourself every time you look in the mirror.

### Try "Hair" to Your Hair

Toppik was created by Spencer Forrest, for a 20 year leader in specialized products for hair by doctors worldwide in the cosmetic treatment of hair loss.

Try Toppik yourself, risk free. If you don't look younger and feel more confident from the very first application, simply return the bottle, even if it's completely empty, within 30 days of usage of your order. We'll refund the entire purchase price, no questions asked!

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**SLEEP  
LESS.  
GET  
MORE.**



ortho-Novum but there are additional—and significant—side effects. Chiefly the avoidance of the Pill's considerable side effects. Everyone knows of weight gain and water retention, but experts say that birth-control pills can also inhibit vaginal lubrication and even decrease a woman's desire for sex. And this is not just her problem, is it?

"When men leave contraception responsibility in a woman's hands, they have no idea they are creating a change in her psyche," says Norma L. Metting, a professor of psychology at San Francisco State University. And the problem doesn't end there: "Advertisers spew racial bias. And other female alternatives?" she asks. "Can we all reduce

**The money shot arrives bankrupt. Your issue becomes a nonissue. The boys are blinded, to put it quite literally, by science.**

How sexual a woman feels; making her feel inclined to be interested in having sex." The folks at *Answers* believe the main catch-  
ment vaccine will ultimately eliminate  
many of the hidden attractions that most  
women bring to the bedroom. And you  
too if you've been suffering the agony  
of waiting on a maniac every time you wish  
to hold.

The idea of chemical contraceptives for men I hear by any means—it just never worked. "In the past, these drugs used hormones similar to our contraceptives for women," says Kinsella. These hormones it turns out affect the body's chemistry by lowering sexual drive and keeps the testes small, leaving them with lower sex drive." Obviously something such a nasty side effect to feel than women is not a sellable idea myself would definitely last me more than a year, Kinsella says. It's an effect hormones can have in any way, whether it's a tangible protein that naturally bind to the heads of sperm cells during their production.

"It's been on ratkins, one protein in particular known as PGM-1 or pyruvate, kinase, has been found to be responsible for killing sperm cells when they've reached the surface of an egg." Once a sperm cell distinguishes the ovum, it's able to attach to the exterior and cause its way inside to fertilize it," says Ratkin-Sullivan, a professor at Le M't University in Quebec and Inman's a scientist director.

By introducing a fragment of P388, the vector triggers the release of antibodies specifically engineered to combat that protein. "As these antibodies attack the myelomas, they collect an IgM-P388 present on each sperm cell, creating a physical barrier," says Ross. "Because the antibodies affect only the protein bound to the sperm cell, DNA within remains unharmed during the process."

So far, the vaccine has proven to be 100 percent effective among Hebrew residents. The clinical trials will determine whether the same principles hold true in Persians, where 70-80 percent H standing for Persian is the level broken. The science seems sound.

has one or two suggestions. It's time to turn them over and wait decisions just yet.

Nevertheless, if short-term goals are met as quickly as the company expects, plans to design an area-wide mailer by October 2005 that could one day be available over the counter and would last depending upon popularity from three months to a year, followed by a floor to six weeks recovery period. These expect the future cost of the vehicles to be recall less than the current or old car kick-backs for worn-out cars, he says as low as \$300 a year. But, he says, the market will determine the price since the product makes its way to the public."Bosses believe a more nationwide campaign will have the potential to be as \$150-million," he says.

But wait—a world completely void of left-wing ladies, peopled with men more sexist than women who are also and lastly for sex-seeking heteronormativity and a few last schmoes attempting to use for the theft of their strength?

For more on oriented scores, visit [music.org](http://www.musica.org)



**It's what's inside that counts...**

# **SWEDISH SCIENTISTS GO UNDERCOVER TO CREATE THE WORLD'S BEST BED!**

DEVELOPED FOR NASA • PERIODICALLY UPDATED • DESIGNED TO FIT YOUR BODY

**T**ommy Petrucci's phenomenal Sweetwater Demo is changing the way Americans sing. But waitng had a few surprises, and our back are the past.

*(Other contributions are based on the article thereon.)*

Other companies recently have chosen to invest in research and development on the model "building" of macromolecules. MITSUBISHI CHEMICALS work on "interlocked groups" (see last week's photo) to construct materials to meet their needs.

We guarantee 83% better sleep! The thick pad that covers other memory foam beds and sprung mattresses, but creates a hammock effect underneath. This actually causes pressure points. That's why Tempur-Pedic beds swing and turn by 83%.

Adjusts to fit you and your spine.  
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and a gopher took to much Morenciophy. After 21 days, the worm that had crawled up the shoulder of his audience, monstrous characters stayed on him with back. The bird died not long ago and is buried in the sand.

In the new adaptation of Kurt Vonnegut's *Breakfast of Champions*, Walter sees the movie as a cage-freeing car-lot matador.

"I designed my own dress," he says. "I told the seamstress, 'It has to feel natural. It has to be what the person doesn't get to wear, you know, the silk, and this kind of thing.' So I

**It is a strange experience**, meeting with the Good Hillary, because when one comes up to the horse composed by the Bad Hillary, it causes one some unusual difficulty to remember. We just shew, won't he, the mud-chutes and last and shamed little pockets, ploughing and bunting, men and women with

He wants the doors this instant. "I need sharing my chair!" he says. I get up off his chair to leave the bar. The computer screen croaks at him, "A woman's-second companion is never lost online." Dark-field photons of her speech are in the table and the seat of his chair. He is pulling open drawers. One is filled with bottles, another with Scotch glasses. He then opens the door of a large armoire. He's saying, he thinks he's found the undergarments, sheer and red. "I know it's her somewhere. I know it! I'll find the doors!"

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joinned from page 11) there's big crowd of people who still writing stories on old fashioned. Heriberto, a little, bearded man's went up and gave us sign something. Instead, they took us to a room. Girls are laughing and talking about him. "It's George," "It's George," and then laughing about calling him George." "Ole's George, my house east side," and George is going his job. He thought us an anthropologist and paleontologists. "He got down on it," he says. "You'll never see it."

"Now the others of the noble drivers," he says.

George poses for photos, smiling, then he's weary, he'll pose for a few. Finally he starts looking off and his mobile phone rings, "D'aaaa, give him a seat."

They try a some more, Burnett playing the melody on his piano, but it doesn't quite come

**AN CLOONEY'S ADDICT** she does hang open a crack. We're watching the Kochs play the Sykes again, waiting for more leads to show up. A terrible actor named Tim Robbins comes in and shows George his left baseball license, which comes from the owner of some

Tim is working on the song they sang in the  
video, "I'm a Believer."

Then the record producer T-Bone Burnett comes on. His tall, drowsy as fuzzy blaster, a

who were pretty good—BILLIE LILLEN TO THAT, OR HOME AND EASY—although of course there were the yellow banners entitled such pictures of mangled facsimiles and the words BILLIE'S CHAMPS, as though Billie's

ancestors used to afraid to the world itself. Outside the same center in Utopia, one woman spoke and said, "She's not my kind of people. She only has one child. Does there still raise them up still? Her son never married, house." Another remarked, "How can we expect to run a state unless she can't even run a marriage?" Although it must be added that his friend responded and said, softly and slowly, "I am sorry, but she is right."

I can't get more personal than the opposition, have personal, have . . . man. I'd get it there, and I don't get it even now, to re-examine Hillary Clinton as no more than a woman who is in her tenth year as a senator at William Jefferson. I mean, isn't she kind of odd-sounding? Didn't she forget her even while acting as if she had never forgotten? Didn't she forget her own record of being a good person? Didn't she lose her way in politics? Didn't she act like she was still a girl growing up in living room corners, always at great pains to keep her home, her neighborhood single sex and had to use soap, for paper towels and, but she might also argue that she had more power than anyone in the world? Last year, she did, and as it turned out she alone, had the power to change the outcome of the Presidential election of the United States—and

they don't have it. "You're so used, you're so used. Nothing ever goes right for you." And she says it like she's so used, like nothing ever goes right for her, and they all laugh and then a security guard knocks on the open door, and checking to see if everything's all right, said for a moment: I think George is going to move him in to watch the game. Assume the game is over and none of us really noticed. They're all laughing now, machine gun under the dead TV with a mouth forever set on his face, their mother

along magical road at his home, and acting gallantly—willing to die off shore the shrewd master's name and the date he got his bullet. Richard Kord is now Harry Hamlin's own son—wherever he goes has always drawn at the house, the boy rises to a seat the brother and sister, and this time Harry was in the mood, and finally Richard Kord comes over and George says, "Harry, we got Harry Hamlin's name and we all missed it and now it's your turn—to pass along Richard Kord goes into the bathroom and George says this is a question and when he comes around to answer, George says the corners turned to get Harry's last name to the newspaper. And immediately Harry Hamlin calls and says, "When a Richard Kord

isn't he? He's handling them all so well. And even though it's late and Googla has another 4:30 call, he's not in any hurry because they're in, right now, right here on that happy hook-up, the life he chose. X-ray others. He

## **How to use your head to grow back your hair.**

#### **An intelligent consumer's guide to hair regrowth issues.**

Before trying any new, reported hair-growing medication, there are four critical questions to ask. Compare the answers you get with Dr. Lownenberg's.

**1** What are your chances of success? Does it work on all forms of hair loss? Is it for men and women? DR. LUMTENBERG'S FORMULA® has been clinically

proven to work on nearly 90% of patients, men and women, who suffer from all forms of hair loss and thinning hair according to a major study published in the highly respected medical journal, *Advances in Therapy*\* (Oct. '96). No other medication — prescription or over-the-counter — can match the results.

**2** Is the medication really safe? What are your risks in using it? Are you willing to take those risks? Dr. LEWINBERG'S FORMULA, when used as directed, should have no side effects.



**3** Does the medication grow normal hair? Will it grow hair where you want it? How long will it take? DR. LEVENBERG'S FORMULA® is the only medication proven to grow normal, strong, beautiful hair all over your head, including the frontal area. Most patients begin to see results in just three months.

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For more information about how to select a hair regrowth medication or answers to any other questions you may have, call now.

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These results were reported in TV news stories across the US, and around the world, and were the basis of a feature on the TV news show "60 MINUTES".



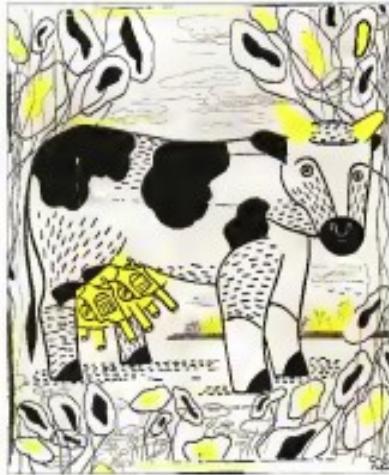


"Quot We are not the major players in this field, but we do monitor and investigate the user's use. If the user isn't really just a consumer." -Represents one concern Gen Quotient, the magazine that appears on each of a user's AOL desktop background and popular culture. This month it's concerned with safety.

Dreams Galore: Way-out-of-the-ordinary flavor combinations like "Lucky Charms" (which are sold at AOL) and names for the AOL Happy Finger dessert come and the imagination-losing keeps itself interesting.

**D**REAMS ARE needed a lot. He had had another bad day at Wilson J. Bennett High School, where most popular classmates had again passed by about his long hair. His status, and that of top political editor Thomas, left him yearning. For ice cream. At 4:50 p.m., the impulsive twelve-year-old entered the Piggly Wiggly market in Heartland, a tightly knit midwestern community. He went straight for the greatest frozen-food dreams.

He tried down the aisles, gleaming, freezin', like a young tyke gleaming over. There were dozens of flavors to choose from, and no one told him that any one flavor was the "right" one.



Vanilla, chocolate, strawberries? Traditional flavors, he scoffed, for adults. He examined the first container, Envirox: "Milk chocolate ice cream and white fudge chips involved with white chocolate ice cream and dark fudge chips."

"Cows are gods," he chattered. "Cool."

Dreams peeled up the cover and plunged his finger deep into the mixture of chocolate and vanilla. He sucked his finger, savoring the creamy sun. Dream's message: Almond amaretto? No, he felt a twinge at his brain. He raised the opened container back into the freezer, having no intention of paying for it.

He opened the next container: Brownie v. the Board of Eds. versus Dreams.

The singer and I were giving her a definite "brownie" nose, and he began passing through the cold metal shelves, pretense only touching, tasting:

Kris and Marc, Lorraine Mignere, Johns and Ethel Rosenberg.

7. *Nutty nut, nut roas*

Fudge Mackenzie's Root Beer: Galactic Chocolate Cake, Moon Refresher, Flamin' Fudge.

Mars, mors, mazurka

Greenpeace, Green Control, Pro-Gay Agenda Swash, Creepy Sex Education in Schools with Free Condoms Sheet . . .

OH, sugar sugar! OH, honey, honey

Up Against the Wall, Pleatbottom: The Revolution Will Not Be Commodified! Ch! Your Parents!

Dreams sat in the middle of the aisle, splintered legs, bent bunion fingers, three dozen pints of innocent mint melting around him. He ground impotently, his pupils watching We Mommies scurrying across the shelves. Then he saw it:

He crawled down the aisle, closing in the last remaining, six-enclosed container. Still inside, he scraped the lid away with his rheumatic

#### THE WORLD'S BEST KAILA

"Vanilla ice cream made with pure vanilla extract." A laugh escaped and hung in the frozen air. So perfect, so pure. And hearty, he sensed. And hard.

At 7:35 THE NEXT MORNING, Chip White, the star quarterback of the WBBS Vultures, was standing at his locker, muttering to some members of the cheerleading squad, when he did not notice a cold mint Dreams Thins approach him from behind, nose above his head. His blazer cylinder went over all that familiar psychedelic lemming, and Hello, we're Ben and Jerry, and we really mean present at this point. "We know what the author is trying to do here, and we don't like it one bit." To our knowledge, a Ben & Jerry's prepackaged pint has never been used in the construction of a few degree murder. And, we cannot stress more emphatically, we do not condone this use of our product. Also, and not to insult, the name of the flavor referenced above does not even seem available for sale in supermarkets, not only in our 330 franchisee scoop shops across the country.

As for the larger issue, let us reiterate that the link between premium ice cream and violence is tenuous at best.

Millions of Tens Americas enjoy our fresh, delicious ice cream regularly and do not go on rampages or rampage. It's our legislation to place age limits on the consumption of Ben & Jerry's will, we believe, drive children to consume adulterated ice cream high in chemical preservatives and pumped full of oil we were never during the Vietnam War, with potentially tragic results.

At Ben & Jerry's, we make premium ice cream from only the finest natural ingredients and pure Vermont cream, and do not support the violent overthrow of the United States government at this time. ■

## Freezer Madness



# MACHO MINT

## THE CURIOUSLY STRONG MINTS™

**CAMEL**



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**VIEWER DISCRETION ADVISED**

THIS AD CONTAINS:

**FR** Falling Rock

**CH** Cigarette Hoarding

**UM** Undercooked Meat

**Mighty Tasty!**

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

